

FRANK LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER

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Proclamation of Amnesty.

THE President has issued his Amnesty Proclamation, dated May 29th. It is a most important document, and will probably greatly disappoint a considerable body of men in the lately rebellious States, who are excluded by its provisions from taking a part in the reorganization of those States. Under this proclamation the "restoration of the Union as it was," in which smooth and apparently harmless phrase is concealed all that the rebels now desire, namely, the perpetuation of slavery, slave representation, "States rights," and all other evils and heresies that originated the war, become an impossibility. The leaders and promoters of the rebellion can take no part in making the Union what it ought to be and was designed to be by its founders. The President makes the acceptance of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation (that "impotent Pope's bull against the comet," of which we heard so much) a potential reality. No man can resume his rights in the Union or exercise any political privileges who does not accept that proclamation as a final and irrevocable act.

President Johnson extends amnesty and pardon, and restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the rebellion, on condition of taking the following oath:

"I, _____, do solemnly swear (or affirm) in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United



EXTERIOR VIEW OF UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.—SCENE OF THE MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION TENDERED TO GEN. SHERMAN, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3.

States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves; so help me God."

Those exempted from amnesty and pardon are classified as follows:

"First. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents, of the pretended Confederate Government.

"Second. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.

"Third. All who shall have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate Government

above the rank of colonel in the army, or lieutenant in the navy.

"Fourth. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.

"Fifth. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.

"Sixth. All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully, as prisoners of war, persons found in the United States service as officers, soldiers, seamen, or in other capacities.

"Seventh. All persons who have been or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

"Eighth. All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government in the Military Academy at West Point, or the United States Naval Academy.

"Ninth. All persons who held the pretended offices of Governors of States in insurrection against the United States.

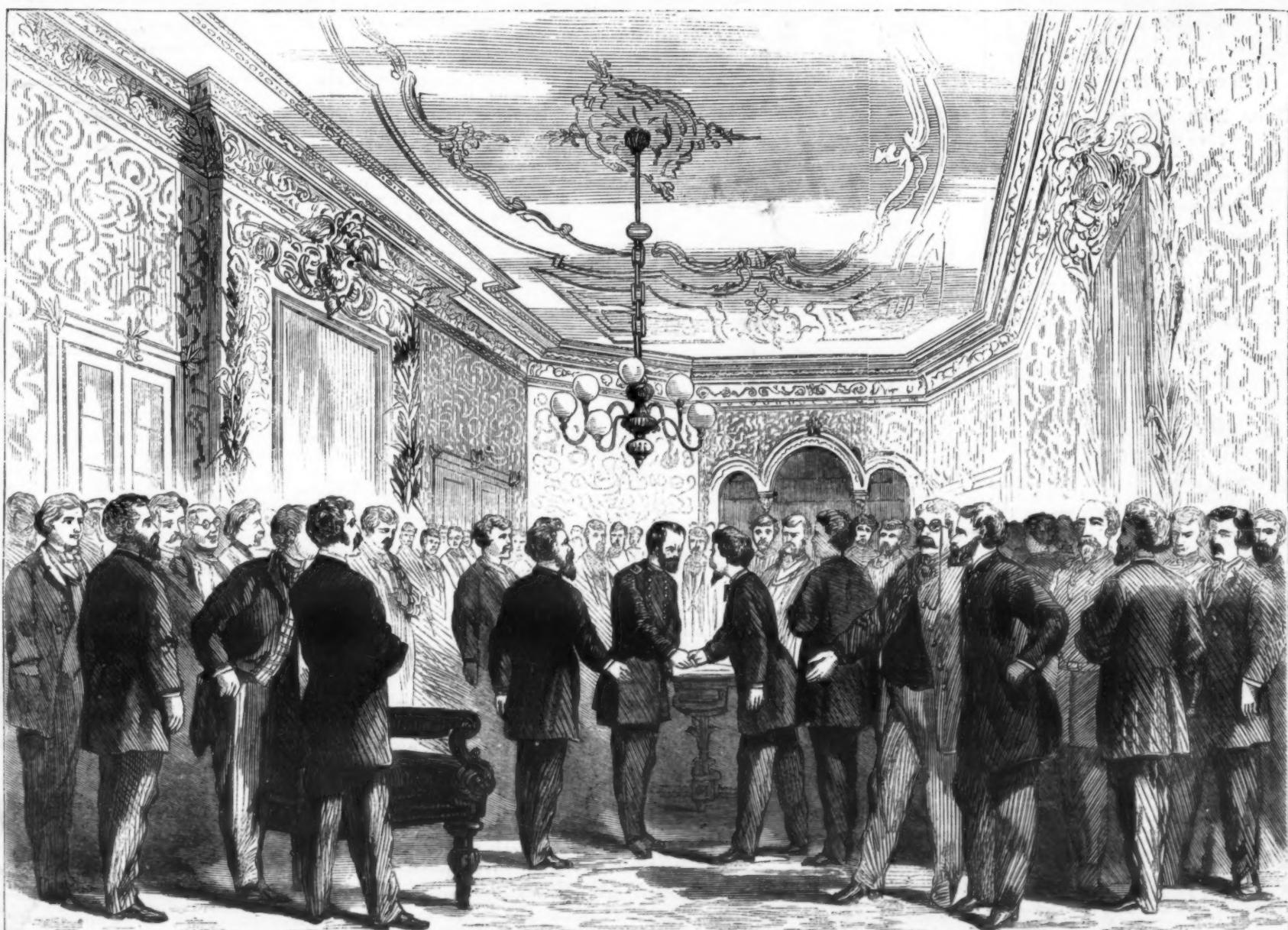
"Tenth. All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States, for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

"Eleventh. All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.

"Twelfth. All persons who, at the time when they seek to obtain the benefit hereof by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military or naval authorities or agents of the United States, as prisoners of war, or persons detained for offences of any kind either before or after conviction.

"Thirteenth. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars.

"Fourteenth. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8, A.D. 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States since the date of said Proclamation, and who have not thenceforward kept and maintained the same inviolate; provided, that special



GRAND RECEPTION TO GEN. SHERMAN, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, N. Y., ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 3.

application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case and the peace and dignity of the United States."

The thirteenth exception is one of great significance. It is intended to exclude from participation in the reorganization of the rebellious States that influential class of large property-holders, who, before the war, held almost exclusive political control in the South, overbearing equally the wishes and interests of the masses of the people, and who kept alive the restless, selfish, intractable spirit which developed itself finally in civil war. The course of reorganization will probably be through the means of conventions, called together by legislatures elected by loyal men and those who accept the oath above prescribed, under the protection of the military authority of the Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government. These conventions will, no doubt, entirely revise the old State constitutions, making them conform to the new order of things, and to the state of facts created by the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. The Government, in all its departments, recognises that proclamation as vital and final in the rebellious States. The military authorities recognise no such condition as slavery, or any class of men as slaves. The acceptance of the Constitutional Amendment by the requisite number of States would only abolish slavery in Kentucky and Delaware. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, as understood and enforced by the Government, has finished it everywhere else.

The President promises to use the pardoning power vested in him liberally in special cases; but we may be sure that that the judicial officers who deserted their posts, members of Congress who deserted theirs, and, above all, the officers of the army and navy of the United States, who raised their parricidal hands against the nation, will find little leniency in the conduct of the President towards them. For them, then, there can be neither excuse nor palliation; and if suffered to live out a life of shame on our soil, it must be as aliens, with none of the rights and privileges of that citizenship which they wantonly and wickedly cast away.

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" 15 acres carry *five-sixths* of the oil.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1865.

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Grant and Sherman.

The calm, steadfast, self-sacrificing, generous spirit of Lieut. Gen. Grant is hardly yet appreciated by his countrymen, but it will give him ultimately the highest place in American military history. As a soldier he struck the first, the second, the third and the last great blows of the war—at Fort Donelson, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga and at Petersburg. With a courage, decision and persistency unsurpassed, he combines a modesty and a large generosity seldom if ever centered in a single individual. The history of his relations with his able and daring, but doughty and ambitious lieutenant, Sherman, brings out his prominent and most admirable traits with wonderful distinctness. In the great Western campaign which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg, and with it the opening of the Mississippi and the severance of the so-called Confederacy, Sherman by no means endorsed the plans of Grant. He had his own notions, and was so strongly impressed by them that he went almost to the limits of insubordination in his hostility to the operations of his superior. The New York *Times* of May 23rd publishes an incident connected with the Vicksburg campaign, which no one has ventured to call in question, which illustrates Sherman's impetuous temper and often wrong-headed conduct, while it equally illustrates the majestic calmness of Grant. His forbearance, judgment and generosity. The scrap of history published by the *Times*, is as follows:

"Just before Gen. Grant initiated his splendid campaign against Vicksburg, in the spring of 1863, and after all the preparations had been made for swinging loose from the base of supplies on the Mississippi river, to make the circuitous inland march via Jackson, Miss., to the rear of Vicksburg, he was called upon by Gen. Sherman, and spoken to as follows:

"Gen. Grant, I feel it to be my duty to say that as a subordinate officer I am bound to give you my hearty co-operation in this movement; but having no faith in it, I feel it due to my military reputation to protest against it in writing, and hope that my protest will be forwarded by you to Washington."

"Very well, Sherman," quietly replied the Commanding-General; "send along your protest; I'll take care of it."

"The next day Gen. Grant received Gen. Sherman's paper, and the movement was then initiated which culminated, in less than three months, in the surrender of Vicksburg and its immense garrison. Prior, however, to Pemberton's capitulation, but after it was morally certain that the rebel stronghold must fall, Gen. Sherman rode up to Gen. Grant's headquarters one day, and found his chief stretched on the ground beneath his 'fly,' endeavoring to keep as cool as possible in the sultry midsummer weather. They were chatting pleasantly on the prospects of the quickly-approaching success, when Gen. Grant's Assistant Adjutant-General came up and asked him for a certain paper of official importance.

"It is well known that Gen. Grant entered upon the campaign without more 'personal baggage' than a tooth-

brush,' and this accounts for the fact that his official records were carried in the breast-pocket of his military blouse. Taking a handful of documents from this receptacle, he selected the one that had been asked for, and before putting the rest away drew forth a second paper from the pile. Then, turning to Sherman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said: 'By-the-by, General, here is something which will interest you.' Sherman took it, and saw the 'protest' which a little more than two months before he had handed to Gen. Grant to be forwarded to Washington through the proper channel. An expression, half astonishment, half gratification, diffused itself over Sherman's war-worn features, which quickly changed to one of supreme satisfaction when Gen. Grant took the paper from his hand, and tearing it into small fragments, scattered them to the winds.

"This was perhaps the first, but it was by no means the last time that Grant undertook to do a service to his gallant and admired subordinate.

When Sherman made his astounding truce and "arrangement" with Johnston, which caused the whole loyal North to hold its breath with surprise and alarm, it will be remembered that the act was not only unanimously repudiated by the Government, with the concurrence of Gen. Grant, but also by the people. There never was such an unanimity of disapproval, not to say censure. The mild exclamation of the public was, "Is the man mad?" A few ventured inquiries that made thinking men shudder. The Government not only rejected the whole "arrangement" but sent Gen. Grant to North Carolina to assume command and press Johnston to an immediate surrender. Gen. Halleck took occasion, at this time, to make himself unnecessarily offensive by a general order which, we regret to say, the Government did not openly repudiate then, but which it has practically censured now, by sending its author into respectable banishment somewhere on the Pacific coast, where his opportunities for evil will be too limited to be dangerous. With rare and characteristic generosity, Gen. Grant, on his arrival in Sherman's camp, did not remove that officer, but permitted him to carry out the peremptory orders of the Government and receive Johnston's surrender—after all only the natural and inevitable consequence of Lee's capitulation.

Subsequently Sherman made his report—and a very intemperate one it was—which was sent to Gen. Grant (not to the Secretary of War as has been said, and who has been wrongfully accused of suppressing it).

Gen. Grant, more anxious for Gen. Sherman's reputation than Sherman himself, withheld it until

he could communicate with him, and then, May 25th, addressed him a letter through his Adjutant, suggesting that he (Sherman) should amend his report.

Circumstances would not permit him quietly to pocket it as he did the Vicksburg protest, until his hot-headed subordinate should recover his equilibrium; so he did what he deemed next best for the reputation of his most meritorious officer. But Sherman's quick temper could not be calmed even by his best friend, and his report is before the country—characteristic, but damaging to no one but its author.

cease much authority, the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy devolves upon the Speaker of the rebel House of Congress. Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia, is the fortunate individual. He has not yet made his appearance to receive the oath of office, but is supposed, in anticipation of the event of his ascension, to be busily employed, in retirement, on his inaugural. Among the first documents submitted to his consideration will doubtless be certain official reports from Gens. Lee, Johnston, Taylor and Kirby Smith.

VICTOR Hugo has written a letter on the death of President Lincoln, in which he says:

"At the moment you were writing, the North was victorious and Lincoln alive. To-day Lincoln is dead. That death ennobles Lincoln, and confirms the victory. The South has gained nothing by this crime."

"Slavery is abolished. It is abolished by the glorious means with which it has been attacked and through the execrable means by which it has been defended.

"Long live liberty! Long live the republic!"

CAPT. FENIGAS, in his testimony in the assassination case now going on in Washington, declared that he was in Montreal last February; that he knew Sanders and Cleary by sight very well; and that on one occasion they stood near him and he heard their conversation.

"The conversation I heard took place at St. Lawrence Hall in the evening; I am not certain whether it was the 14th or 15th of February; I was sitting in a chair as George N. Sanders and William Cleary walked in at the door; they stopped about ten feet from me; I heard Cleary say: 'I suppose they are getting ready for the inauguration of Lincoln next month'; Sanders said, 'Yes; but if the boys only have luck, Lincoln will not trouble them much longer'; Cleary said, 'Is everything well?' Sanders replied, 'Oh, yes, Booth is bossing the job.'"

It appears in evidence before the court trying the assassins of the President, that Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and one of the rebel gang of operators in Canada, on several occasions purchased greenbacks, in considerable amounts, direct from the bank; and he, doubtless, frequently made purchases of our currency from the brokers of Montreal. The significance of these conversions arises from the fact that our national currency would be desirable for use only within our borders, and they therefore prove his employment of agents who selected the loyal States as the scene of their nefarious operations.

COL. CHAS. G. HALPIN, not unknown as "Miles O'Reilly," has taken charge of the N. Y. *Citizen*, in doing which (and as indication of his own purposes) he is "reminded of a little story," and that of Mr. Lincoln:

"Our late President was once speaking about an attack made on him by the Committee on the Conduct of the War for a certain alleged blunder, or something worse, in the Southwest—the matter involved being one which had fallen directly under the observation of the officer to whom he was talking, who possessed official evidence completely upsetting all the conclusions of the committee.

"Might it not be well for me," queried the officer, "to set this matter right in a letter to some paper, stating the facts as they actually transpired?"

"Oh, no," replied the President; "at least not now. If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

THE coincidences of history are sometimes not only remarkable, but amusing. If one were to attempt a parallel between the despotic characters of Andros, the colonial governor of Massachusetts, and Jeff. Davis, he would light upon one of those ludicrous coincidences. The captors of the Southern repudiator and traitor reported "that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started for the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots while running, they suspected his sex at once," and he was immediately captured in spite of petticoat.

During the revolution of the 17th century, in New England, brought about by the tyrannical conduct of the rapacious Gov. Andros, that Northern despot tried to escape from the exasperated men of Boston, and nearly succeeded. "Disguised in woman's clothes, he had safely passed two sentries, but was stopped by a third, who observed his shoes, which he had neglected to change."

Verily these boots and shoes are swift tell-tales, and remind one of the line in Edward Moore's fable, "The Spider and the Bee":

"But from the *hoop's* bewitching round
The very shoe has power to wound."

EPISTAPH.

Pause, for an instant, loyal reader,
Here lies Jeff., the great seceder.
Above, he always lied, you know,
And now the traitor lies below.
His bow was furnished with two strings,
He flattered crowds, and fawn'd on kings;
Repay'd his country's care with evil;
And pray'd to God, and serv'd the Devil.
The South could whip the Yankee nation,
So he prop'd his humiliation!
Their blessing were so everlasting,
'Twas just the time, for prayer and fasting!
The record may be search'd, in vain,
From West Point Benedict, to Cain,
To find a more atrocious knave,
Unless in Caesar Borgia's grave.

THE magistrates of Canada have singular notions of the degrees of crime. After the preliminary examination taken at Toronto of Blackburn's plot to infect our cities with yellow fever—compared with which any other rebel atrocity seems light—the magistrate before whom the case was brought accepted bail for Blackburn's appearance for trial at the next assizes, in the sum of \$3,000! We suppose that if Booth had been in Blackburn's place, this Dogberry Jeffreys would have let him go for \$1,000, and taken George Sanders as security.

THE receipts for customs in San Francisco for 1864 were \$6,378,000; in Boston, \$8,088,000; in

Philadelphia, \$3,690,000. Thus it appears that in respect of amount of duties collected, San Francisco has, in 14 years, passed Philadelphia, and nearly reached Boston. From being quite recently the fifth city ranking behind New Orleans and Baltimore, it has become the third in point of commercial importance, and in two or three years will be second to New York alone. Besides direct trade with Europe and the Pacific colonies of Great Britain, San Francisco has been gradually attracting a portion of that Asiatic commerce which is hereafter to make it equal in wealth and importance to New York, and one of the three greatest commercial emporiums of the world. The fact that the city is located in the best and almost the only harbor on a coast line of 1,500 miles in length, partly accounts for its concentration of population and trade, and will secure for it permanently the ascendancy it already enjoys.

THE following story is told of Mr. Chase, while at Key West: To an old negro known as "Sandie," he promised a carte-de-visite, and handed him a one dollar bill. "Aha," says Sandie, "now I know you, massa, you are 'old greenbacks."

THE London *Spectator* says that photographs of Mr. Johnson, the new President of the United States, are in great demand in London, where this country is now looked on as one of the first great powers of the earth, if not the very first. It adds: "These photographs show a strongly-built man, with a square head, overhanging brows, full lips, tiger jaw, and firm, full cheeks. A strong man evidently; but not, we should say, a genial one, a man not to be opposed, but also not much to be loved, certainly not one to be guided by any external force whatever. Every incident recorded of him deepens our conviction that in him we have an American Jacobin, a man who will crush anything, as he told a Pennsylvania deputation, that resists the State, and will sometimes be apt to believe *l'état c'est moi*."

A CAPT. ROSS, of the Austrian service, has published a book entitled "A Visit to the Cities and Camps of the Confederate States." It is thoroughly European, Austrian and rebel, and comes rather late to serve the Confederate cause, which appears to have been its purpose. The author never heard of a case of flogging a full-grown slave! According to Ross, from childhood to old age the slave on a Southern plantation led a life of unbroken happiness. He was never underfed or over-worked, never punished with stripes, and only on rare occasions torn from his wife and children. Indeed, if the author may be trusted, no other human lot would endure comparison with the luxurious existence of a negro whom a benign fortune had made the bondsman of a Carolean employer. Of the slaves, the Austrian captain observes, "They are singularly attached to their masters, who invariably treat them with the greatest kindness." These kind masters not only were benignant towards their own darkies, but they would promptly shoot the man who ventured to molest them: "If any one in the South wished to make quite sure of getting into trouble, he need only abuse or ill-treat a negro; and though the 'boy' might be submissive, he would soon have every white man in the neighborhood down upon him, and perhaps a revolver or two emptied into his body." "The Charlestonians," says the author, "are fully determined never to give up their city to the Yankees except in ruins, and have all provided themselves with the means of setting fire to their houses, if by any mischance the place should become untenable." Brave words these; but Charleston is still standing, although all the Charlestonians laid in this abundance of fuel.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The General Assembly of the new school branch of the Presbyterian Church lately in session in Brooklyn, voted unanimously to recommend granting the right of suffrage to the negroes of the South. The discussion was spirited, and after the announcement of the vote, the assembly arose and united in singing "My country, 'tis of thee." The scene was very impressive.

Power's celebrated Masonic statue of Washington was destroyed by the late fire at Richmond.

As Sherman's army was marching from Richmond to Washington they crossed the field of Spotsylvania. They found the bones of about 1,200 Union soldiers bleaching in the sun. Gen. Sherman contracted with a man who lived near by to bury these remains.

The first negro who ever testified in any of the courts of record in Chicago was examined as a witness for the people in the Recorder's Court on the morning of the 15th ult., in a case of horse stealing, his evidence bearing strongly against the prisoner. The same negro was formerly a coachman in Mr. Lincoln's family.

What California needs to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is 75,000 females, which would equal the male population, according to the last census.

Within 10 years, more than 100,000 persons have emigrated to Kansas and more than 150,000 to Minnesota.

Real estate at Richmond is very high—higher even than in New York, and in some cases three times as high as it was before the war. So much for Yankee occupation.

Lubbock, who was captured with Davis, declared while Governor of Texas in 1862, that "any citizen of that State who would kill a Union man should never be hurt while he was Governor."

Jeff. Davis made an old woman of himself. Women have their trials, and Prentiss supposes Jeff. will soon have one.

The F. F. V. secess ladies of Richmond have so far conquered their repugnance to the Yankees as to beseech Gen. Ord with applications for appointment to clerkships in the Government's service.

Some of the finest oil territory in West Virginia was overrun by the rebel army, and the wells destroyed. The return of peace has created much activity in those regions.

The Secessionists carried most of the counties in Virginia, where an election was held, last week, for members of the Legislature. This ample indication that the white population of the State are not yet fit to be again received back into the Union. They have not been sufficiently humbled to perceive that the national

treason, or for complicity in the assassination of the President, it is certain that he has violated the wholesome ordinance against persons of either sex appearing in the garments of the other.

There is a woman in Quebec 113 years old. Her children, grand-children and great-grand-children number 226.

A banner borne in the great procession at Wilmington, N. C., had this appropriate inscription: "George Washington, the father of his country; Jeff. Davis, the destroyer of his country; Abraham Lincoln, the redeemer of his country."

A gentleman who visited Gen. Joe Johnston, at his home in Charlotte, N. C., last week, reports that he asked Johnston, if he had seen the proclamation offering a reward for the capture of Jeff. Davis, Sanders, and others? "Yes," he replied; "and knowing as I do thoroughly well, the character of Clement C. Clay, I do not believe that he was in any manner concerned in or privy to the assassination." This is hard on the remainder of the rebel crew mentioned above.

A authorities, sustained by the people of the North, will never consent that the re-organization of the different State Governments of the South shall be effected by men who have done their utmost to blot the United States from the roll of nations.

Hon. John Catron, of Tennessee, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, died at Nashville, May 30.

The Boston *Transcript* says that Gen. Banks has been ordered to report at Waltham, Mass. (his home.) His administration at New Orleans is undergoing a close investigation.

At a public meeting recently held at Raleigh, N. C., the following resolution was adopted: "That we accept of the abolition of slavery as a part of the accomplished situation of affairs, and the acceptance is rendered easier by the reflection that the institution has been made a handle of by the Secession politicians for years past, to inflame the popular mind, and to produce the disastrous state of affairs which now exist in the country."

Gen. Halleck has issued an order directing clergymen and magistrates to encourage marriages between negroes, and to prevent, as far as possible, the commerce of that class as man and wife where the matrimonial rites have not been solemnized.

Since the 3d of April last, 14,557 citizens, soldiers and ladies have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States in the City of Richmond.

Mr. Garcia, the Peruvian minister, lately presented to President Johnson a gold medal, sent to him by the President of Peru, commemorative of the inauguration of the South American International Congress. On one side of the medal is an allegory, representing the different branches of industry, encircled by the names of the eight republics represented in the Congress. On the reverse are the names of plenipotentiaries encircled by a wreath of laurel, and the inscription in Spanish, "American Congress, inaugurated in Lima the 25th of October, 1864."

Eugene Mithienicz, who became notorious in this city last year, as a "Russian count," by visiting a young lady, and carrying off a diamond ring he had borrowed, and by other acts, went to London, and has recently been convicted of robbing several West End merchants.

The quantity of leaf tobacco in Virginia is a matter of guess, but it can be nearly approximated. Commission merchants estimate it at 30,000 hogsheads.

The receipts of treasure at the mint in San Francisco, in ten days, were lately about 32,000 ounces of gold and 12,000 ounces of silver.

Hundreds of officers and soldiers of our army are going into business in towns along the railroads radiating from Memphis.

Mrs. R. E. Lee, wife of the late Gen. Lee, has written to the authorities, claiming Arlington Heights as her property. She complains that the grounds have been greatly abused by our Government, and states that she will visit Washington in a few days for the purpose of demanding this from President Johnson.

The San Francisco publishers intend to use Chinese paper.

Minnesota sent to the war more than half her voting population, or 23,321 boys in blue out of 42,437 voters.

Clothing and bedding used in hospitals, formerly occupied by contagious diseases, is to be destroyed, per order.

B. F. Hatch, M. D., the husband of the celebrated Cora L. V. Hatch, has just obtained a legal divorce at the hands of the law in the State of Rhode Island.

On the same day that the old flag was raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter, the negroes on Jeff. Davis' plantation in Mississippi raised a flag over the late mansion of the arch rebel.

A few days since a returned soldier purchased a new pair of boots at a store in Buffalo, and left his old ones, but some time after returned and called for them. When they were brought him he ripped open the lining and took from beneath \$1,550 in greenbacks, in denominations of \$50, \$500 and \$1,000, which he had placed there and forgotten.

A jeweller in Bridgport, Conn., is manufacturing an opera glass, charm and monogram combined, to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln. It is to be richly mounted with gold, pearls and diamonds. Thirteen diamonds representing the 13 original States, and 36 pearls to represent the present number. Looking through the lens on one side is to be seen the photograph from life of President Lincoln. On the other side is seen, in the form of a shield, the letters A. L., over which is a single star. Beneath is an appropriate motto.

Foreign.—A London cabman was lately fined in London for wearing a shocking bad hat while on duty. The evidence showed that he had for some time at least covered his head with a cloth cap of somewhat shabby appearance. The magistrate lectured him on the propriety of appearing in respectable style, and imposed a fine of half-a-crown.

On the site of Sodom and Gomorrah, English enterprise has established a factory for the extracting of bromides from the waters.

In consequence of the number of illiterate soldiers in the French army, generals commanding divisions have been ordered to see that the rules for communicating instructions to the troops are scrupulously observed.

Those Continental Governments who have had the most experience of the working of the system of State railways, are at present taking steps to follow the course adopted in England of leaving such matters in the hands of public enterprise.

In the British House of Commons on the 19th of May, Mr. D. Griffith asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether his attention had been drawn to the proclamation of the President of the United States, offering \$100,000 for the arrest of Mr. Jefferson Davis; and, whether her Majesty's ministers were prepared to make any representations to the Government of the United States in reference to the treatment of the Southern leaders. Lord Palmerston said: The only answer I can give to the question of the honorable gentleman is that her Majesty's Government have no intention of attempting any interference in the internal affairs of the United States.

A meeting of ladies of rank and fortune has been held in Paris, to take into consideration the destitute condition of the negroes emancipated by the late events in the United States. They resolved to form themselves into sub-committees, and to occupy themselves in making clothing for the unhappy slaves at present deprived of all means of procuring any.

A friend in South America writes to us that he is now spending a month with a farmer, who owns 1,000 miles of pasture, and a patch of corn larger than Scotland, while he has got so many cattle that he has to boil the fodder for them in a volcano.

PETROLEUM AS AN INVESTMENT.

In our last number we pointed out the probability that the huge mass of human labor now released from the pursuits of war would tend towards the excitements of oil-mining, rather than to the monotony and drudgery of farming.

And we, further, gave some reasons why such pursuits, besides being more congenial to the recent habits of the soldier, would also be more profitable. Let us look a little more closely into it, and see how this kind of investment compares with others. The average value of the gold mines in California, in the 13 years since their first discovery, is \$50,000,000. The value of the exports alone of Petroleum in 1864, the third year of its development, was \$45,000,000, and to this must be added the value of what was consumed at home; and the yield is still increasing. But, says some caviller, look at the enormous number of companies already organized, or pretending to have organized, for oil-mining; can there possibly be any success which shall pay a dividend upon the hundreds of millions of dollars which the published lists tell us are already invested in the enterprise? Certainly not, we reply. You must make an enormous statement from what you see in print. Strike out the so-called "bubble companies"; strike out those that are organized for the purpose of merely buying lands, if the public will subscribe; strike out those to which the owners of lands have given the option of possession within a certain time, if money can be raised to pay for them. And then you come to the honest and legitimate companies, who own their lands, having paid for them in cash, and who work them as any manufacturing company is worked; and, we may add, that without such industry and skill no enterprise can or ought to succeed.

We are bound, also, to keep out of view enormous fortunes made by single individuals by striking wells of prodigious richness. The possibility of such results may lure on many, but a fair return for the time and labor expended will be found in a well of 40 barrels daily, or even less; and the probability of finding this on well-selected lands is shown, by all experience, to be very great.

An unsaleable article is not worth imitating, and if there were not an actual and substantial value to oil-mining, the fictitious schemes, whose advertisements crowd the columns of the newspapers, would never see the light. The damage done by this to legitimate enterprises is no doubt very great; but it is no more reasonable to say you would not touch any petroleum affairs because so many are "bogus," than to say you would not open a store because so many stores are unsuccessful, or you would not plant a crop of wheat, because

oil wells have become exhausted from time to time, and hence it is argued that the total quantity in the great underground reservoir is but small, and must soon be pumped out. So folks said, that as soon as the gold in Sutter's mill-race was dug out, the gold in California would be exhausted. Since then \$50,000,000 of the precious metal have been produced, and no signs of exhaustion. Coal mines have been worked out; but it is never seriously argued against commencing a new shaft, that it must some day be exhausted. Just as sound a reason might be given against investing in the bonds and securities of the United States, namely, that some day, and perhaps very soon, they will be paid off, and th' w' shall we do with our money?

In short, it is a matter of demonstration, that petroleum mining, properly conducted, presents no greater risks than any other legitimate business. There may be great prizes, but the chances of these are so small that wise men do not rely on them. The great objects to be attained are, first, a favorable location of lands; and secondly, reliable men to work them. After long and diligent search, the *Globe Petroleum Company* came to the conclusion that the probabilities of finding oil were greater in a section of the country where many wells are successfully working, than in parts as yet unexplored, and where, although "surface indications" were good, no deep boring had been made. The soundness of this plan of action has been proved by the rapidly increasing value of the lands they own, in consequence of most productive wells having been struck near them, and hence they have a well-founded confidence that the money invested will bring a good return. The office of the *Globe Petroleum Company* is at 435 Broadway, Frank Leslie, Esq., President, where all information is cheerfully given, and shares, \$2 each, can be obtained.

GEN. SHERMAN AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THERE has been a heartiness about the New York reception of the hero of the grandest and most triumphant march in the history of the war that is peculiarly American. Among the honors paid him was the reception given to him by the members of the Union League Club. This took place on Saturday evening, when at eight o'clock the main room of the club was filled. Among the company we noticed Gens. Rosecrans and Butterfield,



JEFFERSON DAVIS EN ROUTE FOR FORTRESS MONROE—ENTERING AN AMBULANCE NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS ARREST.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY ONE OF HIS CAPTORS.

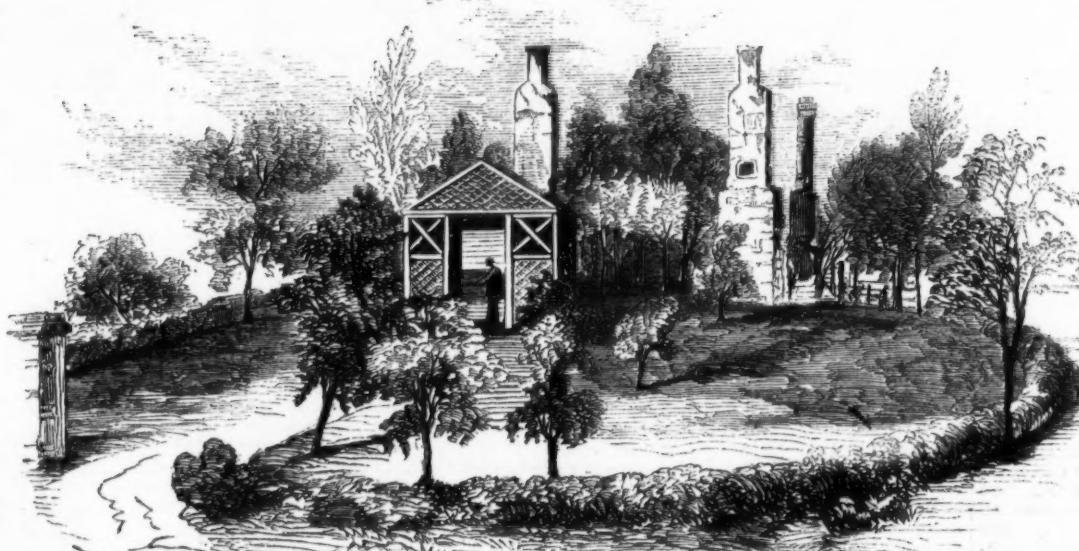
LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

GEN. LEE's headquarters were about a mile and a half from Petersburg, and were small and inconvenient. The hard-pressed rebel had little time for the refinements of housekeeping, and our boys made a number of remarks, more critical than complimentary, on the condition the place was in when they assumed possession.

SHERMAN'S BUMMERS FORAGING.

SHERMAN, our great general, has, like the English general, Wellington, whom in many respects he resembles, given his name to many "articles" to which his nature is most alien—among these is that class of adventurers, which has won immortal renown by preceding his armies.

Our Artist, in sending us the sketch we have published of "bummers foraging," accompanies it with a graphic account of their *modus operandi*. He says: "These active and unscrupulous fellows generally start out every morning mounted on very mean horseflesh, and, as a general rule, they always come back very well mounted, with the animals



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

they rode in the morning laden even to breaking down with all the good things of this world. In one place in South Carolina they came to a large plantation, owned by a leading rebel named Fitzgerald—here our soldiers found, buried in various out-of-the-way places, an immense quantity of gold and silver plate, of the aggregate value of over \$70,000—here they also found a large quantity of the finest Madeira wine, which had been stowed away in the old gentleman's wine cellar for nearly 30 years. Indeed, as a general thing, it may be said that our brave fellows had plenty of good old wine to drink in their memorable march through Georgia and South Carolina."

THE hunger for company is keen; it should be discriminating. The great fault of our social custom is, that there is no limit to our calls and visits. To inflict any one with a compulsory interview of more than 10 minutes, indicates a crude state of civilization. Never should a call be prolonged over this limit, unless a request is made by the visited, or permission expressly asked by the visitor.

A PRETTY girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.



JEFFERSON DAVIS EN ROUTE FOR FORTRESS MONROE—UNDER GUARD AT ABBEVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY ONE OF HIS CAPTORS.



TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS—STRONG GUARD POSTED IN FRONT OF MAIN ENTRANCE TO PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

A row of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly
ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid
heads ;
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of
white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of
night ;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at
morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

ROSSITOR HOUSE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

"Have you Prayed To-night, Desdemona?"

CHAPTER I.

WANTED.—In the family of a gentleman, a Governess, to superintend the education of a small child. Salary

liberal. Address Judge Rossitor, Rossitor House, Black Beach.

That was how the words ran ; plain, simple, concise. I have them still—just as they were cut from the columns of a daily journal, and tucked away in a corner of my pocket-book, as something which might possibly insure me the living which it had become a settled fact that I now must earn.

I had been fashionably reared and educated by

a relative, deceased. If in life he had pitied my youth and orphanage and poverty, that pity was not made public in the legacies of his will. With my existence ignored in that important document, I found my future narrowing suddenly to this prospect—work for my own maintenance, as became the proud blood and independence of the Darrows, and by-and-by, perhaps, when such an alliance could no longer clog the way of his ambition, a marriage with Grant Wyvil, my betrothed hus-



THE GOVERNESS AND HER PUPIL.



ROSSITOR HOUSE.

band. Tame and commonplace enough, was it not ?

So it was, that on a dreary twilight, deepening gradually through long rows of guant poplar trees, and dying down the long hall in a darkness full of vague echoes, I sat at the window in my traveling-dress, listening for the first rattle of the carriage in the street below. The purple sweep of the curtain made a black shadow in the recess. Outside the thick white rain fell like sheets of crystals, trickling down the pane and through the blank pale light, each with a voice of warning, perhaps, if I had thought to listen.

I was to go in the evening boat for Black Beach. I unfolded and read again, there in the lonesome dying day, Judge Rossitor's advertisement for a governess, and also the letter which he had written me, accepting the services which I had tendered as such. Both pleased me. The letter was a model of polite elegance. The salary he offered much exceeded my expectations. Moreover, the Rossitors were old friends of Grant Wyvil, and would be sure to welcome me kindly for his sake. There was no possible reason why I should sit in that dreary window watching the falling rain with the heaviest heart I had ever known ; yet I did.

Some one came leaping up the staircase through the shadows, clearing their silence with a snatch of song, that blithe and strong as it was, rings in my ear till this day, like a dirge :

" Oh ! I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
Oh ! truly, oh ! truly, I loved her then,
And naught shall I ever so love again,
Save my hawk, and my hound, and my red-roan
steed—"

I turned.

"Dame Hubbard," said Wyvil, under his breath, and making eyes at me, "there's a carriage at the door and a boat at the wharf, and you—what! let me look at you—crying?"

"No!" indignantly.

Down splashed a great tear on my betrothal-ring.

"Dew for the diamonds!" clasping fast the ring and the hand that wore it. "Little Jesuit, you shall not go!"

He had brown eyes, as dark and brilliant as a falcon's. I saw down in their dusk a sudden trouble leap up.

"Not go! and you cloaked, and booted and spurred, and—"

"Home-sick already?" with a grimace.

"Not home-sick."

"Fie!"

I laid the hand that wore his ring on one broad shoulder, and creased the other hand upon it.

"But half afraid of my new life, Grant. Tell me about the Rossitors."

He towered above me head and shoulders, flushing suddenly through his tawny skin; then he bent, and with an indescribably tender gesture, touched his lips to my eyelids.

"There is little enough to tell. The judge is an aristocrat, proud of his blue blood and old estates. For the child, she is a delicate little sprite, you will pet her and she will love you; and Mrs. Rossitor—well, she is simply a magnificent cheat!"

The word came out after a pause, slow and bitter.

"Grant!"

He laughed, but with the flush still on his face.

"Little prude, are you shocked? All fashionable women are that, more or less." Mrs. Rossitor is a distant cousin of mine. I believe I can afford to abuse my relatives, you know. However, she may have changed."

"But, Grant—"

"But Ruth—," he mimicked, drawing out his watch.

"Is it time to go?"

"The boat starts in fifteen minutes," gaily.

It was a woman's question that came next. I was tying my bonnet before the mirror, and gazing at the reflection therein of my own sober face, with its low forehead and pale cheeks.

"Is she—is Mrs. Rossitor handsome, Grant?"

"The handsomest woman I ever saw," gravely.

A subtle pang, so sharp and strange that it frightened me, made me turn to him with a quick gesture.

"Love me, Grant," I cried out.

The brown eyes dilated, he tucked me under his arm with a light laugh.

"Love you! that is good, little puss. Who should I love, pray, if not you? As if I was not about to locate myself within ten miles of Black Beach for your especial delight; as if I did not own the fleetest horse in the country; as if you would not be blessed with the view of my visage every fine day—phew, Ruth Darrow!"

I can hear the clear, rollicking voice still, as it rang down the staircase on that night so fraught with fatality. The carriage rolled away from the home that I was never to enter again. I looked back and saw its lamps shining through the rain with a tremulous, uncertain glimmer. Home!—it had hardly been that after all.

The boat lay at the wharf, outlined like a giant thing in the darkness. At the last moment in its crowded cabin, Grant Wyvil bade me good-bye. He tossed back his hair with the potulence of a boy, saying:

"Rossitor will be sure to meet you at the Beach. I wish I could go with you, Ruth, but I am to speak to-night—it would be impossible—hang politics! I will be at Rossitor House to-morrow—good-night little love."

"Gay, daaing and talented, with the world already ready recognising him as a rising star in its political horizon, was it a wonder that I was proud of this handsome lover of mine? Yet something in his manner—I could hardly tell what—left me sitting lonely and dissatisfied in a throng of figures that I saw, yet did not see, and shrinking at every motion of the boat, plunging off down the bay as if it had been some hand laid on an unhealed wound.

It was a dreary night of scudding clouds and rain drifting sharp from the east. Along the distant shores red lights winked fitfully in the mist, each like a cyclop's eye. How the wind wailed across the wide bay! and now and then a frightened young moon looked out of some rift through the storm-rack far to westward, like the face of a ghost. I sat and waited. The storm beat upon the cabin windows, or, lulled for the moment, sighed across them in faint moanings. Leaning back against the wall I listened until both sight and sound departed together, and in a cramped and uneasy a position as possible, I think I fell asleep.

The boat neared Black Beach at midnight. Something awoke me, either an intuitive perception of the fact, or the friendly jerk of some fellow-passenger. The rain, indeed, had ceased; but the wind blew stormily still, and of Black Beach I could see nothing, save a few low faint outlines, hugging close the chaotic darkness, and a lighthouse on a cliff some distance down the shore with its fiery eye glaring redly across the waves.

I stepped out upon the landing, one of many. The passengers were crowding out thick and fast; it was singular that among them all my attention should have fastened solely upon one figure standing near by, watching the boat disgorge, tall, stately, with his gray cloak fluttering in the wind.

He was a handsome man, hardly past thirty-five, with a grave face, clear cut, and delicately dark and careworn. I noticed that the hand which had drawn his cloak together from the wind, gleamed white as a woman's, ungloved, and with a signed diamond flashing upon it in a circle of quivering light.

"This," said I to myself, "is Judge Rossitor."

He advanced one step toward me, only one.

"Miss Darrow?"

I stopped, looked at him long enough to take in the peculiarities that I have described above, and then I bowed.

"Will you take my arm?" he said, quickly. "The carriage is waiting near by. Heavens! what a stifling rabble!"

The tone was as impatient as if I had been sole cause of crowd, and waiting, and storm. I accepted his proffered civility, and the result was that I found it next to impossible to keep pace with his long strides, as he stalked through said "rabble," like one who felt himself master, dragging me after him, quite helpless and unwilling. Few there who did not know him, and the crowd, parting with that deference that is always paid to rank and wealth, my conductor lifted a small breathless body into the carriage and sprang in after her.

"Drive home!" I heard, sharp and quick to the coachman. Then this autocrat of Black Beach subsided into a corner, shivering under his gray cloak.

I looked from the window and saw that we were whirling off on a sandy beach road, with low white cottages nestling along its barren sweep. Presently, out from the dusk of the corner opposite, came a low laugh, and a voice grown irresistibly smooth and pleasant.

"Perhaps you would like to know who and what I am, Miss Darrow?"

"I think I know you."

"Ah? Pardon me, then, for taking such forcible possession of you. The boat was late; I had been waiting at the landing half an hour."

Not feeling particularly sorry, I continued to stare silently from the window.

"Ugh! what a night!" said Rossitor, with a shrug of the shoulders.

That was the extent of our conversation during the ride. He sat grim and stately in his corner, and having curled myself into a remarkably small heap in another, I aided him in preserving silence, till the carriage, turning through an iron gateway and up an avenue of poplars, warned me that we had reached Rossitor House.

It was an old mansion of gray stone, which had undergone so many alterations with the freaks of succeeding generations that its original style of architecture was now completely lost. It had been the birth-place of many a Rossitor, I afterwards learned, and it wore about its wainscoted rooms and long, dim galleries, much of the inherent pride and aristocracy of the race.

I was ushered into a room in the west wing, which looked out on the sea. The walls were long and low, panelled in black oak. The floor glittered like swamp-mosses in a sprinkle of May rain, with its carpet of velvet tapestry. There were curtains of the same soft emerald tints, sweeping down the long, narrow windows, and carved high-backed chairs, and over everything a sweet, subtle scent of mignonette, lingering, like a mysterious presence. To this day the odor of that flower is fraught with all things deadly to me.

Was I servant or guest? The delusion which prompted me to think the latter was very strong, as I sat in a low, sumptuous chair, drawn up to the fire, served from the old Rossitor plate and Bohemian glass, by a little handmaiden of the house. Outside, the poplars tapped, in the sweep of the sea-wind, like skeleton fingers, against the shutters. The room lay half in shadows, dim-wavering, as if they had just stepped from the black wainscot, and the grim oil pictures, in rows on the wall, seemed staring and frowning fitfully. Presently I looked up, and at the other end of the mantle stood Judge Rossitor.

He had in his arms what at first sight appeared to be a small bundle, wrapped in a gorgeous Indian shawl, and swaying against his arm were two or three long ringlets of light hair. As the bundle was carefully deposited upon the hearth, however, two large, weird eyes looked out at me curiously, and as it assumed erect proportions, I saw a child of some six or seven years, but so slight and pale as to appear younger, clinging to the judge, half-frightened, half-wistful.

"Miss Darrow," and he smiled quietly, "allow me to present your future pupil, Miss Ada Rossitor. The hour is unseasonable; but she was not inclined to sleep without making your acquaintance."

"I am very glad to see Miss Rossitor," I answered.

The child dropped his hand, and, advancing slowly, put up her small, pale face.

"Kiss me," said the little shrill voice.

The warm lips met mine eagerly.

"Judas!" said Rossitor, still smiling as he watched us. "You will probably find her tearing her spelling lesson to-morrow, or running away on the shore."

The solemn little face contracted. This sole daughter of the house and heart of Rossitor looked at me with large, weird eyes.

"I wanted to see you," fretfully. "My throat was sore, and no one came to hear my prayer, and—I wanted to see you."

"Well?" added the judge.

The little hand passed softly down my face.

"She isn't as pretty as mama," thoughtfully; "but—but—she kisses me better."

He blushed, but his face grew unspeakably tender.

"And you are sure you will not tear your spelling lessons now?" arching his eyebrows at her.

"Oh, yes!" solemnly.

He laughed.

"Then bid Miss Darrow good-night. She is too tired to begin her duties before to-morrow. Come!"

"Mamma said I was a little owl," grieved the child, clasping her arms around his neck, as he lifted her up, "because my throat was sore, and I heard the music and I couldn't sleep."

"Hush!" said Rossitor, pressing her close in the Indian shawl.

She kissed her tiny hand to me from the door-

way. Her pale face leaned towards me in the light, his was dark in shadow behind it; then the door closed, and both were gone.

I fell asleep that night listening to the ocean wind howling through the poplars, just outside the stately chamber which had been assigned to me. Like all the rooms of Rossitor House, it was long and low, with a dark, slippery, shining floor, uncarpeted, save for its Persian rugs, and over the mantle of Egyptian marble was painted a scene from Holbein's "Dance of Death." There were fringed hangings of purple satin sweeping around the great bed, and odd black chairs, upholstered with the same material, standing stiff against the wall. It was in this lonely chamber, somewhere in the "wee sma' hours," that I had a vision.

The echoes of the hall clock had not died away in the dusky corners of the house; it was its loud, shrill strokes, I think, which awoke me. At the head of the bed the wind had torn the shutters asunder, and a long arrowy streak of moonlight, like a ghostly finger, lay white upon the polished floor. Just above it, on the purple bed-hangings, wavered and gleamed another light, like that of a lamp, held and shaded by an uncertain hand. The satin had been drawn aside, and, half concealed in its folds, half revealed in that tremulous glow, I saw, with bewildered and half open eyes, the face of a woman.

Never, while I live, shall I forget it. 'Twas a face more perfect than those of the Greek antiques, set in a glitter of golden hair, that flowed loosely down her shoulders, and was lost in the purple satin. The head was inclined to one side, classically small and elegant, presenting to me its exquisite outlines of wide, waxen forehead and large lids adroop, and scarlet lips. You have heard the old story of snake and bird? As still, so fascinated, as helpless, I lay, half-dreaming still, beneath the eyes of this midnight vision—large, almond-shaped eyes they were, fiercely eager, intensely sad, and, in spite of the golden hair, the south might have claimed them for their voluptuous darkness. I heard the rustle of the satin, as, with a quick movement, she bent above me, above the hand that wore Grant Wyvil's ring, lying idly on the counterpane, and then a sigh, so deep, so unspeakably bitter that it might have parted body and soul, and the gorgeous face slowly faded into the yellow light, and the yellow light faltered and disappeared adown the purple hangings, as they swung back into their place without a sound.

I started up with a smothered cry. Something that was like the quick closing of a door jarred the silence; or was it but the poplars that had tapped upon the pane? I listened. All was as still as the grave. The moonlight and I were alone together.

"I have been dreaming," I said, and fell asleep again.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT WYVIL came next day as he had promised.

I date the commencement of my life at Rossitor House from that morning.

The sunshine lay in broken gleams upon the sea, rolling in dark and heavy with the recent storm. In the full fresh wind there was a scent of the rank marsh grasses, and wild flowers blowing among them, and some hardy roses that grew on the verandah; each burned its crimson cup of incense, strong and sweet in the sunlight. The town lay nestled on its sandy ridges above the long beach, and here and there a white sail decked the horizon, fading into its blue distance, even as one gazed, like a stately dream.

I had breakfasted alone. The house was as still as if it had been tenantless. Mrs. Rossitor, the servant said, was indisposed; the judge had gone to his morning row upon the bay, and my weird little pupil came creeping down the staircase in her white night-dress an hour after, to say good-morning to me, and was carried back screaming by her French nurserymaid.

There comes to me, as I write, a vision of the low green-room in the west wing of Rossitor House, which had been allotted to me as the place wherein to cultivate poor little Ada Rossitor without mercy, and where, day after day for weeks and months, the task was fulfilled, and she sat beside me, as still as the grave, half buried in an easy chair, her books on her lap, and her solemn little face, old beyond its years, gazing with large, wistful eyes, out upon the sea. No one, excepting, perhaps, her father, ever quite understood the child, I think. He was her idol; and beyond her love for him she was remarkably shy and undemonstrative. That morning—but here I am brought unconsciously to Grant Wyvil's coming.

The smoke of a Turkish pipe curled up from the verandah and clung in mid-air to the hot sunlight, pale and powdery, like wreaths of faint blue blossoms. I should have known by the child's face who it was, lingering thus in the shadow of his own fig-tree, even if I had not seen, now and then, the tall figure, like a Spanish hidalgos, pacing out into view, with hands clasped behind him, and receding again, always with that same restless, impatient tread. Perhaps I had become infected. I arose, and went to the window, and looked down the long, sunny vista of poplar trees beyond, toward the comfortless sea.

Two figures were advancing up that same vista. One, a horse's head in advance, flushed, handsome, and sitting in his saddle like a centaur—I knew my lover! The other a lady, in a black velvet habit, with a crest of white ostrich plumes fastened in her cap, and streaming behind her in the wind, like a golden serpent, one long tress of pale hair, curling loosely as it floated.

Tramp, tramp, came the horses' feet straight past the west wing. I felt my cheeks burning. He looked up and saw me, lifting his cap with a quick, hot flush. The lady's eyes followed him, and I—I started back from the window, with a cry that was half of astonishment, half of terror, for the deadly-fair face uplifted thus to mine was the one that had looked at me through the purple

satin hangings, sad and pale as a spectre's, upon the preceding night.

"Mamma," said Ada, quietly kissing her little hand to the lady.

Grant Wyvil came leaping through the window at a bound, and caught the child gayly in his arms.

"Two lovely little princesses making eyes at the sea from such an unguarded tower as this? The mermen will carry you off. Ruth, what's the matter?"

"I do not know," with my hands in his.

"You are white as a ghost. Did I frighten you?"

"No. Where is your—where is the lady who was with you?"

"Mrs. Rossitor?" carelessly. "Oh, you saw her, then—Agnes, the Magnificent, as poor Jack Brynes used to call her. We met on the beach this morning. She has gone to make her toilette, I fancy."

"Such a face—"

"Lovely, isn't it? So are many things that we don't care to handle. The Wyvils are all good-looking, you know," arching his eyebrows, "and she is a cousin, four or five lines removed."

"Are you talking about mamma?" said the child, looking at him preternaturally grave.

He twirled his moustache with a shrug.

"Little pitcher, you have large ears. Take these bon-bons and run and feed your dolls."

She opened the pockets of her little French apron, still searching his face with those wonderful eyes.

"What a child!" he said petulantly, turning his back upon her.

"Tell me about last night, Grant," I whispered, touching his arm. The broad brow cleared in a moment.

"Last night? All was as it should have been—a story soon told, little girl. Applause—laurels—a dreadful grimace, and one shy little face missed from the crowd, without which—Ruth, why didn't you marry me a year ago?"

"Grant!"

"Yes, I am a fool—that is candid," turning me to the light. "Do you know, Dame Hubbard, that you are to dine with all the guests of Rossitor House to-day, and you in sober gray from head to foot?—come here."

"But I don't care to see any one but you, Grant."

He drew me into the sunshine, smiling down at me.

erness to those drawing-rooms must have been a rare novelty. I feel it. My gray dress looked oddly among their satins, but I took the position assigned me, and asked no questions.

Wyvil was in his element. I was proud and content to watch his triumphs, taking them for my own. In the love of every young girl there is more or less of an undercurrent of hero-worship. He was my hero. Gay, brilliant, fascinating—I had never seen these qualities shine more brightly than on this day. The life of table and company—the keen cynical wit, wounding even where he dazzled, and attracting to him whomever he would to suit the whim of the moment. I was ignored, yes, forgotten for the time, and there was not one in the gay circle, I think, who suspected our relationship. My womanhood might have asserted itself in a brief pang, perhaps, but that was all. I remained quietly in my alcove, made dim and dusky by a sweep of purple damask and the shadow of a poplar tree just outside the window.

Mrs. Rossitor was at the piano, singing. Down the long length of the drawing-room I could see the flash of the dagger-hilt in her magnificent hair—the weird, scintillant hundred eyes! It was an old German love song that she sang—every note brimming with sad, passionate sweetness. Her voice had a certain depth and pathos that I never heard excelled. As the perfumed air throbbed, sympathetic, to its dreamy, mournful pulsations, there came to me a memory of that old German legend of the Luler maids, warbling from the rocks of enchanted whirlpools their siren lays of destruction and death. Wyvil stood at the piano beside her, his face turned partially, his brow contracted. Something like brocade rustled behind in the alcove—a faint scent of heliotrope, then a whisper, like the hiss of a snake.

"Have you never heard the story?"

"Non, mademoiselle," gaily.

"That is odd—it is everywhere known. Wyvil was in love with her years ago—she jilted him for the judge—poor fellow!"

"He thrives upon it."

"To be sure—heartless, of course, like all the rest of his sex!"—a sharper rustling of silk—"I hear that he is engaged now to some little unknown country dud. Isn't she lovely?"

The whisper died. I sat staring listlessly into space, half angry, half sick, seeing nothing, but straight before me in an opening of the damask, one pale, stern face, that must have been the mirror of my own expression, with its fixed, darkening eyes. Judge Rossitor. Had he heard, too? I shrank back shivering. There was no need. He turned on his heel the next moment and was lost in the crowd.

A revulsion of feeling soon came. Poor Grant! Why had he never told me? Could I blame him because he had once loved that gorgeous, golden-haired woman? How passionate that love must have been—how much he must have suffered! Shall I tell you how beautiful Agnes Rossitor was that day? How much more she seemed like a vision to enrapture and bewilder, than a being of common mould? How could Grant, I thought, ever have learned to love me after loving such a woman as this?

He found me in the east room with little Ada Rossitor, who had stolen down stairs and implored me mutely from the door, when he came to bid me good-bye. It was fast growing dark, I remember, and he entered through the shadows, flushed, radiant, triumphant, his riding whip in his hand.

"Hiding away from me, Dame Hubbard?"—gaily—"come out to the light, and let me look at you."

He drew the curtain back, kissing the hand that fell into his own.

"Grant," I said, "I want you to tell me something."

"Do you?"—mockingly.

"Indeed—indeed I do."

"To begin—"

"Did you ever love anyone before me, Grant?"

He laughed, taking my face in his two hands.

"Jealous?"

"Please answer."

"My little girl, I am afraid I have loved a great many—scores, in fact. I began at an early age—it was my first step towards jackets. You are my one wee rose culled from a long tract of thorns."

I looked across the marshes—to the sea—to the young mournful moon, set like a broken ring against the purple tints of the mist, and something, hot and wet, rolled down my cheek.

"Who has been talking nonsense to you?" he said, half fretfully. "Don't mope, Ruth. I will drive over to the beach, to-morrow, and take you rowing—you are pale as a Niobe—good-night."

Gone in a moment. I heard his horses' hoofs clattering down the avenue, and I leaned from the window, watching him, till he was out of sight. Over the sandy road, across the ridges, down the long gray beach—he turned at the farthest point, and lifted his cap. Then from the balcony above me something fluttered for a breathing space—it might have been a white handkerchief, or a whiter hand. It flashed through the gray shadows but an instant, and then was gone. I drew back from my watch and closed the window.

CHAPTER III.

A CHARMED place was Rossitor House in the long, sunny summer days following. Its round, rich hospitality had long been proverbial, and the tide of gilded human butterflies set in the direction of Black Beach and this hive of honey, flowed and ebbed again, day after day, far toward the sunset autumn. The first to come, the longest to linger, was Grant. We were to be married in the winter, he said. He had told Judge Rossitor—that little chit of an Ada must find another governess—I was growing as thin as a shadow—to which austere remarks all my objections availed me nothing.

We were sitting on the shore one afternoon in early September—he stretched at my feet, his hat off, lazy and handsome, sketching in the shelter

of my parasol, whose ivory handle he had stuck unceremoniously into a crevice of rock, idle sea-shore scene—half-buried hulks in a reach of gray sand; clusters of black reefs, with dead drowned sailors lying at their base; a ghastly half-moon setting on a low, purple coastline: some weird islands lying dim and distant in a lonesome sea; two petrels flying through a rising mist—a hundred fantastic, dreamy things.

I turned a few loose leaves from his sketch-book, marvelling that all his naiads, mermaids and sirens wore the same face, and that one as familiar to me as my own now.

"Grant, you could not picture her half lovely enough, could you?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Rossitor."

He laughed, flushing.

"I am no artist."

I touched his arm, pointing down the rocks to a strip of yellow sand, against which a painted sherry was just grating sharply. Judge Rossitor, standing in its bow, tall and dark, flung down an oar that dipped with crystals in the sunlight, and was the first to leap ashore. Directly the boat was rocking empty in the foam, and the rocks swarmed.

"*Dolce far niente*," said the dreamy voice of Agnes Rossitor, close beside us.

I had seen her coming—I was prepared. Grant looked up, languidly. She paused on the verge of the rock, her dark boating dress looped up, a long gray plume floating from her hat, white, stately, with no glimmering of color, except a bright scarlet vine that she was trailing listlessly from her lily hand.

"*Ma belle cousine*, shall I sketch you?" asked Grant, lazily.

She shook her head, smiling at me with her beautiful dark eyes.

"There was a ship stranded on the shore last night," in the same dreamy tone.

"I saw the wreck as I came across the beach," answered Grant, carelessly.

She gave a long, shuddering sigh.

"We rowed down to the point this afternoon. It is terrible. There was a young girl lying in the sand, tossed up but an hour ago. Oh, Grant, what a dreadful death!"

The look of horror in the large eyes, brimming with sudden tears, I shall never forget. It was a strange mood for the mistress of Rossitor House, and strange, is it not, that I remember her best, as she stood that day, leaning against the gray, jagged rock, the scarlet vine coiled like a coral snake down her dark dress, and that singular sadness in her face—she that was a part of all the beauty and life of that wild shore—of its sunshine and blue sky, its bright waves, and moonlight and silver sands? Grant sprung up from the rocks, his languor quiet gone—his face almost as pale as her own.

"Agnes!" She waved him back with a light laugh.

"There! it is gone now. Some one was walking on my grave, I think."

"How can you tell so?"

"Oh, it is quite as easy to talk as to think. There! some one is calling me. You shall stay here and tell Miss Darrow about the grand masque' impending, while I go and answer."

"A precious set of maskers we all are!" muttered Grant, bitterly, turning on his heel.

Her dark eyes, with the tears still in them, smiled on me archly.

"Cynic! Bah! Grant, somebody must cure you of this disagreeable disease of yours, bye-and-bye. The world is well enough, in its way; so is society at large, if you take it as it goes."

"If, indeed!" he answered, ironically; well, Mrs. Rossitor, will you accept my assistance from this perch?"

I watched them disappear round the rocks together, her gray plume fluttering, and a weird red streak of sunset striking athwart them both. I picked up Grant's sketch-book, lying as he had thrown it, at my feet, and replacing the loose leaves, waited listlessly for his return.

The sun sank lower and lower, reddening as he went behind the distant sand-hills, and the low, blue coast line. A fiery, cruel crimson glowed upon the sea. Some fishermen's boats were sweeping in from the bay, and I heard the song of the boatmen, dreamy and far off, like music in one's sleep. Still no Grant.

Presently the long white lines of the incoming tide began to lash the foot of the rocks on which I sat. A great, red star flushed suddenly from the light-house tower down the long, darkening shore—they had lighted its warning lamp. The little wherry still rocked at its moorings, but all signs of life, all sounds of gay voices along the beach, except a group of bare-footed fishers' children playing in the sands, had gone.

I sat, looking out over the lonely waste of waters, following now and then, the gleam of some idle sail adown the horizon, or a steamer's flaring smoke, shivering under my thin shawl in the fast increasing damp, and half deafened by the roar of the tide. What could have become of Grant that he should leave me there alone so long?

I heard a shout from the summit of the rocks just above my head. I looked up and saw Judge Rossitor standing there, looking down at me, grimly.

"What are you sitting there for?" he roared.

Under other circumstances I might have laughed; as it was I felt quiet indignant.

"I was waiting," I began, raising up from my seat, with dignity.

"Oh, indeed! and the tide just ready to sweep you off."

My head whirled as I leaned forward and looked over the rocks. The black sea, hissing at me, and flashing its foam full in my face, lay almost even with the shelving ledge on which I stood.

"Give me your hand—quick!" cried Rossitor.

He was kneeling above me, braced firmly and

leaning down with a stern, displeased face, and one arm extended imperiously.

I scrambled up the rocks, through slow difficulties, hearing all the time, the seething tide advancing swiftly after. He leaned forward still farther, his arm passed around me, like a bar of iron, and I felt myself drawn up to his side. Blue, pinched and shivering, I confronted him.

"Go home now, Miss Darrow, and change your boots," he said, dryly.

I was really too much afraid of the man to ask for Grant, but I ventured on a very faint, "Thank you." He understood.

"Wyvil came back to the drawing-room an hour ago. Never sit freezing here again after sunset, Miss Darrow; it is unhealthy."

His eyes were full of couchant sarcasm. I smarted for the time. Grant was always careless, always neglectful, but this was a drop too much. He should know that my patience had its limits, like that of other mortals.

A thorough woman, was I not? for he glided into a neighboring seat at the tea-table that night, with such a pleading, penitent face that he was quite forgiven, even before he spoke.

"Ruth," in a low whisper, "look at me, won't you? I am a brute—a barbarian! Confound Rossitor! why did he not tell me that he thought you were still on the shore?"

"Why did not Mr. Wyvil find out the fact for himself?" I answered, severely.

"But, my dear child, I did not think you would wait so long, you know."

"Oh, certainly not!"

"I really did forget you," naively.

"Greatly obliged."

"Don't quarrel with me—please! Mrs. Rossitor says you are to be Amy Robart at the masque ball."

"A little mistake. I shall be a mere spectator in my usual 'boden gray,' instead.

"And discourse sweet music for the maskers."

"That depends—"

"You do forgive me?"

"Nonsense! Look at Miss Drummond's bracelets."

"Miss Darrow shall wear a pair like them tomorrow," gaily.

I shook my head, smiling. So it ended like all our lover's quarrels. Not, just there, however. He did not come next day, but in his place, a dainty ebony casket, with a grotesque device carved on the oval cover, found its way to my dressing table; I had become so used to Grant's oddities that he seldom surprised me now. I opened the casket, and saw—my bracelets. Laid away among other mementoes of that summer, I have them yet, the same as when he gave them, for they were never worn—two scaly serpents of yellow African gold, their broad flat crests studded red and thick with shimmering rubies. As I lifted them in a gleam of sunshine how came I to think of Cleopatra and her asp? Every crusted scale flashed at me weirdly; the broad crests seemed flattened for a deadly spring; the cruel red of the Indian rubies glowed like drops of blood, freshly spilled. I dropped them back on their perfumed velvet cushion. My bracelets did not please me. Grant was princely in his gifts, but I closed the little casket, and put it away quickly.

A dark, dreary autumn night in the last of September ushered in the masque ball at Rossitor House. The sun had gone down lurid and threatening, in a bank of tawny western clouds. The wind rose moaning, in the hollow of the rocks, and flying along the shore, like an anguished spirit, died far out in the low marshes and the sand hills, moaning still in a dreary way that made the heart ache. Half crouching among the purples of my great dark chamber, far into the twilight, I sat listening to the long, loud lamentation of the surf on the beach, and the shrieks of the sea gusts in the poplars, as it grappled with them, and wrenching away the dying leaves, tossed them at my gray face, pressed close to the dripping pane. Within I could hear the active notes of preparation, such as doors opening and closing, light footsteps patterning through the dark passages, a rustling of dresses on the stairs, and presently, a knock at the door, and a summons.

I rose up, smoothed down my hair, twirled my collar into place, and hastened to answer it—that is, I flitted across a narrow gallery, and through a small door opening from it, into the dressing-room of Mrs. Rossitor. It might have been a bower for one of Grant's naiads, with its sea-green and gold hangings; its carpet of emerald flashing thick with golden lilies; its soft couch, and low chairs, all shining with the same hue in the fire-light, and as in one Gothic window, sweeping over a marble urn, full of half-withered flowers, the heavy shimmering curtain tasseled heavily with gold.

Mrs. Rossitor sat at a little inlaid table before the grate, her face averted, her head resting on her hand. She had been writing, I think, for a sealed note lay at her elbow, and the little table was strewn with torn paper.

She started at my footsteps, and looked up smiling, and I thought—I was almost certain, that her lashes were glimmering over, as with tears.

"First of all, I beg to be pardoned, for sending for you, Miss Darrow," she began, with that sweet easy grace which she knew so well how to assume, "but, as you see, I am late already for this stupid ball, and Julie, my French maid, has fallen ill, and what am I to do?" with the pretty perplexity of a child.

"Shall I help you to dress?" I asked, divining her meaning at once.

"Ah, if you would?" she answered, with that flattering eagerness which implied that I was conferring a great favor. "My dress is very simple you see—a lady abbees—you will not betray me?" archly.

I wondered at this selection it was so grave, so

unlike her; but who is accountable for freaks at a fancy ball? A moment after, and I was absorbed in combing out and admiring in the meantime, her long, lustrous, golden hair which curled around my hands, and swept down her sea-green chair, like floss silk, in the fire-light.

"You wear no ornaments?" I asked, quite forgetful, as I fastened its last rich coil.

"And I a lady abbees? No, indeed!" with a quick shiver.

She drew back the curtain of the window, and looked out. The white hand trembled a little.

"What a terrible night!" under her breath. "Now, Miss Darrow, if you will help me into this austere dress, and bring my rosary, I will tax your good-nature no longer."

Her cheeks turned feverishly, her eyes shone like stars. The very satin of the mask seemed reluctant to hide so perfect a face. Her dress itself was of black velvet, sweeping long and heavy from the perfect form; her rosary blood-red, with an antique cornelian cross swinging from it. She held it up in a listless, unconscious way in the fire-light.

"Please go now, Miss Darrow," quickly; "they will want you in the drawing-room to play for the dancers. I have kept you too long already."

"Is there nothing more that I can do?"

"Nothing," catching her breath.

And so I went away.

I lingered just long enough in the silence and gloom of my purple chamber to fasten in the lace at my throat a pearl brooch—the gift of Grant, Then I was ready. In passing the nursery door, I noticed that it stood ajar, and that the lamp within was faintly burning. Had Ada awakened? I hesitated a moment—then pushed it open. Quick as thought, something darted by me out into the passage, and disappeared adown its darkness. I might never have known what it was, the light was so dim and uncertain, but that my eyes were caught by something red and shining that slung around it, twisting as it swung a scarlet rosary. Vaguely wondering, I went up to the child. She lay fast asleep on her white pillow; her cheek on her hand; her light curls tossed upon her face. I bent to smooth them back, and my hand met a warm wet dew sprinkled adown them here and there. It was a novelty indeed for Mrs. Rossitor to visit that room at all—much more on such a night; and a novelty, also, for the token of her presence to be left behind her in unseen tears.

The great rooms of Rossitor House, its halls, every dark niche, was ablaze with light, as I went down the staircase. There was not a figure there except my own, that had not joined the masquerade. I wondered what the dead and buried Rossitors, watching grimly from the paneled walls, thought of such a gathering. A Barbary corsair, arm in arm with Queen Elizabeth; Bluebeard flirting with an Italian flower



AWFUL CALAMITY AT MOBILE, ALA.—SCENE AMONG THE RUINS AFTER THE EXPLOSION



THE EXPLOSION OF THE ORDNANCE DEPOT AND MAGAZINE, MAY 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

LOOKING FOR DAY.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Is it almost over—the terrible night?
Is the morning breaking, serene and white?
May we lift up our faces with one accord,
Scarred from his smiting, and thank the Lord?
Since no peans ring out as for victory won,
Since his will had decreed that this thing should be done,

That for wrongs like ours, blood, blood must run—

Awed by his presence, and clothed anew,
With hearts that justice and truth pierce through,
Lest we break, we bend, we are penitent too!

For our impious daring what fell price paid,
The lost graves where our dear dead are laid,
Beaten for ever from search and from sight
By the feet of the hosts that swept on in the fight;

And our bosoms left torn by the awful fear
That they cried for aid when no aid was near,

Whenever the Lord seemed not to hear?

So is the price of slave tears and blood
Lapped by Southern sands, in his sight made good?

Then might not his bared arm be withheld?

Soldiers return not with trumpet's loud glee,
Proclaiming you victors, though victors you be.
Come as we walk from the tombs of our kin,
Grave to observance, and saddened within.

But that nations may know how a foul wrong dies,

Shake out the old flag that from henceforth flies—

An attainable heaven to languishing eyes!

We will put off our weeds for the dear ones' sakes,
God holds the lost graves till each occupant wakes,

We will welcome you home. Lo! the morning breaks!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ROAD TO RUIN.

MAUDE TREDETHLYN took her new life very pleasantly. Her father was happy. There had been a reaction in the city; things were going very well for the Australian merchant; and Francis Tredethlyn was receiving handsome interest for his thirty thousand pounds.

He brought these tidings to his wife's boudoir one morning early in the new year.

"I know you'd be glad to hear it, Maude," he said; "and now you see that it was a very fine thing for me to get into your father's business. So you need not have been uneasy about the matter, my darling."

Mrs. Tredethlyn lifted herself upon tiptoe, and pursed up the rosiest lips in Christendom. A kiss, transient as the passing flutter of a butterfly's wing, alighted somewhere amid the thicket of the Cornishman's beard.

"You dear, good old Francis! That is the pleasantest news I ever heard, except—"

"Except what, darling?"

"The news that papa brought me home a year ago, when a generous friend stepped in between him and ruin."

Francis Tredethlyn blushed like a school-girl.

"Oh! Frank, if I should ever forget that day!" said Maude, in a low voice, that had something of sadness in its tone.

Was she thinking that there had been occasions since her marriage when she had almost forgotten how much she owed to the devotion of her lover, occasions on which some little social failure, some small omission or commission, some petty sin against the laws of the Belgravians and Tyburnians, had been large enough to blot out all memory of her husband's goodness? How can you remember that a man has a noble heart, when, for want of the ordinary tact by which well-bred navigators steer their barks amid the troubled waters of society, he blunts out some unlucky allusion which paralyzes the conversational powers of an entire dinner-table, and brings blight and ruin down upon an assemblage which had fairly promised to be a success? Or how can you be expected to appreciate the generous spirit of a being whose ungainly elbow has just tilted half a dozen *petites timbales de gibier* into the ruby velvet lap of your most important guest?

There were times when Maude was forgetful of everything except her husband's genial good-nature and unfailing devotion. There were other times when her heart sank within her as she saw his candid face beaming at her from the remote end of a long dinner-table, and heard his sonorous laugh pealing loud and long above the hushed accents of Belgravia.

He was her slave. If she loved him—and surely it was impossible that she could accept so much idolatry, and render no small tribute of affection in return—her love for him was pretty much of the same quality as that which she bestowed on her favorite Skye terrier.

He was such a dear, devoted creature—so sensible, so obedient; and if he did not quite stand up in a corner to beg, with a bit of bread upon his nose, it was only because he was not required to do so. He was the best of creatures—a big, amiable Newfoundland, ready to lie down in the dirt to be trodden upon by his mistress's pretty slipper, or to fly at the throat of the fool who dared to assail her. He was a faithful slave and defender, and it was very pleasant to know that he was always at hand, to be patted on the head now and then when he was specially good, to be a little neglected when his mistress was absorbed by the agreeable distraction of society, to be blushed for, and even disowned now and then, when his big

awkward paws went ruthlessly trampling upon some of the choicest flowers in the conventional flower garden.

He was her slave—her own. He loved her with an idolatrous devotion which she could rarely think of without smiling at his exaggerated estimate of her charms and graces. He was hers—so entirely that no possibility of losing him ever entered into her mind. He was hers, and we are apt to be just a little indifferent about the possessions we hold most securely. It had become a matter of course that her husband should scatter all the measures of affection at her feet, and hold himself richly repaid by any waif or stray of tenderness she might choose to bestow upon him. She had no uneasiness about him—none of those sharp twinges of jealousy—those chilling pangs of doubt—those foolish and morbid fears which are apt to disturb the peace of even the happiest wife. She knew that he had loved her from the very hour of their first meeting, against his will, in despite of his better reason. She knew that he had been content to stand afar and worship her in utter hopelessness; and having now rewarded his fidelity, she fancied that she had no more to do, except to receive his idolatry, and smile upon him now and then when it pleased her to be gracious.

There was neither pride nor presumption in her nature, but she had lived all her life in one narrow circle, and she could not help being unconsciously patronizing in her treatment of the man who had taken her Majesty's shilling and blacked Harcourt Lowther's boots.

Francis Tredethlyn might perhaps have been entirely satisfied by brightly patronizing smiles and gentle pats on the head, if he had not been blessed with a friend and adviser, always at his elbow, always ready to step in with an intellectual lantern held gracefully aloft, and a mocking finger pointed, when the simple Cornishman's perceptions failed to show him the uncomfortable side of the subject.

"What a darling she is!" exclaimed Mr. Tredethlyn, as he left the house with Harcourt Lowther, after Maude had parted from him on the staircase all in a flutter of silk and lace, with a feathered bush of golden hair framed in the last Parisian absurdity in the way of bonnets.

"Mrs. Tredethlyn is just the sort of wife for a man of the world," Harcourt answered, with a slight shrug of his well-shaped shoulders. "But I can't help fancying sometimes that you're too good a fellow to be thrown away upon the loveliest creature who ever isolated herself from the rest of the human race in the remote centre of a continent of *moire antique*. Of course I can't for a moment deny that you are the most fortunate of created beings; but—there is always a 'but,' you know—even if one has a beautiful wife and thirty thousand a year—I suppose it is the habit of my mind to quarrel with perfection—I think if I were a fresh-hearted, simple-minded fellow like you, Tredethlyn, I should yearn for something nearer and dearer to me than a fashionable wife."

The finger of Mephistopheles, always pointing, generally contrived to touch a sore place. Francis Tredethlyn, even when he had been happiest in the sunlight of Maude's smile, had felt a vague sense of that on bitter truth. She was no nearer to him than of old. The impassable gulf still yawned between them, not to be bridged over by pretty little courtesies or patronizing smiles. But, in spite of all inward misgivings, Mr. Tredethlyn turned upon his friend and hotly denied the truth of that gentleman's observations.

Harcourt Lowther was quite resigned to a little fiery contradiction of this kind. The arrow went home to the mark it had been shot at and rankled there. Such discussions were very frequent between the two men; and however firmly Francis might argue with his friend in the day time, he was apt to lie awake in the dead of night, like false cousin Amy in the poem, when the rain was patterning on the roofs of the palatial district, and wonder, with a dull, aching pain in his heart, whether Harcourt Lowther was right after all, and Maude—sunny-haired, beautiful, frivolous Maude—would never be any nearer and dearer to him than she was now.

In the meantime, Mr. Lowther, who sowed the seeds of the disease, was always ready with the remedy, and the remedy was—dissipation.

Harcourt Lowther, in whose few years of legal study had been crammed the vicious experiences of a lifetime, was eager to perform the promise he had made to Francis Tredethlyn some two years before, when the young man first received the tidings of his uncle Oliver's bequest.

"I told you I'd show you life, dear boy," he said, "and I mean to keep my word. While Mrs. Tredethlyn amuses herself with the usual social treadmill business—perpetually moving on and never getting any further—you and I will see a world in which life is worth living."

Thus it was that Francis Tredethlyn was lured away from a home in which he was taught to believe himself unappreciated, and introduced for the first time within the unholy precincts of the kingdom of Bohemia.

He entered the mysterious regions at first very reluctantly. He had the ignorant rustic's notion of Vice, and fancied that she would show herself in naked hideousness; but he found her with her natural face hidden under a plaster mask, modelled from the fair countenance of Virtue. It was something of a caricature, perhaps, for all imitations are so apt to become exaggerations. He found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in electro-plate. There were the same dresses and properties, only a little tarnished and faded, the same effects, always considerably overdone, the same jargon, but louder and coarser. Life in Bohemia seemed like a transpontine version of a West-End drama, with cheaper scenery and actors, and a more uproarious audience.

This was the kingdom with whose inner mysteries Harcourt Lowther affected a fashionable familiarity. He presented his wealthy friend to the potentates of the kingdom, and carried him hither and thither to worship at numerous temples,

whose distinguishing features were the flare of gas-lamps and the popping of champagne corks, branded with the obscurest names in the catalogue of winegrowers, and paid for at the highest rate known in the London market.

Perhaps in all his wanderings in the darksome wilderness which his mentor called London life, Francis Tredethlyn's worst sin was the perpetual "standing" of spurious sparkling wines, and the waste of a deal of money lost at unlimited loo or blind hookey, as the case might be. He had high animal spirits and thirty thousand a year, which common report exaggerated into sixty thousand, and which the more imaginative denizens of Bohemia multiplied into fabulous and incalculable riches, so he met with a very cordial welcome from the magnates of the land. But the descent of Avernum, however easy it may be, is a gradual slope, and not a precipitous mountain side, down which a man can be flung headlong by one push from a friendly hand. Francis Tredethlyn yawned in the faces of the brightest stars of the Bohemian hemisphere. His frank nature revolted against the shallow falsehoods around and about him. The glare of the gas seemed to have no brilliancy, the bloom upon the women's faces was only so much vermillion and crimson lake bought at the perfumer's shop, and ghastly to look at in a side light. The laughter had the falseness of spurious coin; the music was out of tune. In all this little world there was no element of spontaneity, except, perhaps, in the uproarious gaiety of some boyish country squire making a railroad journey through some fine old property that had been kept sacred and unbroken for half a dozen centuries, to be squandered on a handful of pearls in Cleopatra's wine, or expended on the soaps and perfumery of a modern Lamia.

There was neither bloom nor freshness on anything except on the wings of a few pigeons newly lured into the hands of the vulture tribe. Everything else was false, and withered, and faded. The smiles of the women, the friendship of the men, were as spurious as rhubarb Champagnes and gooseberry Moselles, and were bought and sold like them. Mephistopheles may lead his pupil to the Brocken, but he cannot compel the young man to enjoy himself amongst the wicked revellers; nor can he altogether prevent his perceiving such small *inconveniences* as occasional red mice hopping out of the mouths of otherwise charming young damsels.

Harcourt Lowther found it very hard work to keep Francis Tredethlyn amused, night after night, in remote and unapproachable regions whose very names were to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vougeot at a bachelor's dessert. Poor Frank would rather have been dancing attendance on his wife, and trampling on the silken trains of stern matrons and dowagers at the dullest "Wednesday," or "Tuesday," or "Saturday," in all the stuccoed mansions in which Maude's pretty face and pleasant manners, and his own good old Cornish name and comfortable income had secured his footing. He was very good-natured, and did not care how much bad wine he was called upon to pay for. He could lose a heavy sum at blind hookey without the faintest contraction of his black eyebrows, or the smallest depression of his lower jaw. But he did not enjoy himself.

He did not enjoy himself—and yet somehow or other he went again and again to the same temples, always under convoy of his friend Harcourt, and generally very firmly resolved that each visit should be the last. But there was always some special reason for another visit—an appointment with some elegant acquaintance of the vulture tribe, who wanted his revenge at blind hookey; or a little dinner to be given at the "Star and Garter," in honor of some beautiful Free-Lance, whose chief fascinations were the smoking of tissue-paper cigarettes, and a vivacious disregard of Lindley Murray. There was always some engagement of this kind; and as it happened somehow that Francis Tredethlyn generally found himself pledged to act as paymaster, it would of course have been very unmanly to draw back. If he could have sent his friend Lowther and a blank cheque as a substitute for his own presence, he would gladly have done so; but his friend Lowther took care to make this impossible. So the matter always ended by Mr. Tredethlyn finding himself, at some time on wrong side of midnight, seated at the head of a glittering dinner-table; with the ruins of an expensive dessert and the faces of his guests only dimly visible athwart a thick and stifling vapor of cigar smoke; while the clamor of strident laughter mingled with occasional chinking and clattering of glass, or some applauding hand thumped its owner's approval of the florid sentiments in an eloquent post-prandial oration.

It is impossible to be perpetually paying for sparkling wines without occasionally drinking a little too freely of their bubbling vintage. Francis Tredethlyn, under the influence of unlimited Moët or Clquot, found the Bohemians a much pleasanter kind of people than when he contemplated them in a cold gray morning light of sobriety. Harcourt Lowther took care that his friend should pretty generally look at things through a rose-tinted medium engendered of the juice of the grape, for he found that it was by this means alone that he could retain his hold upon his pupil.

Go where he might, the Cornishman carried his wife's image in his heart, and he would have left the most brilliant assemblage in Bohemia for a quiet *tête-à-tête* in Maude's boudoir, if his friend Harcourt had not carefully impressed upon him that his entrance into that pretty little chamber was an intrusion only tolerated by Mrs. Tredethlyn's good nature.

There is no need to enter very minutely upon the details of the work which Harcourt Lowther was doing. The art of ruining a well-disposed

young man is not a very difficult one; but Mr. Lowther had reduced the art into a science. His great effects were not the sublime hazards of genius, but the calculated results of a carefully studied process. So many nights in a tainted atmosphere; so many subtle insinuations of Maude's indifference, must produce such and such an effect. Mr. Lowther displayed none of that impolitic and vulgar haste with which a meaner man might ruin his friend. He never hurried his work by so much as a single step taken before its time. He never wavered, or relented, or turned aside even for a moment from the course which he had mapped out for himself. So, in the course of that London season, it became quiet a common thing for a street hansom to bring Mr. Tredethlyn to the gigantic stuccoed mansion which he called his own in the early sunlight of a spring morning. There were even times when the returning wanderer found it no easy matter to open a door with a patent latch-key, which would go meandering hopelessly over the panel of the door, scratching all manner of eccentric circles and parabolas on the varnish, instead of finding its way into the key-hole. There was one awful night on which Maude, coming home from some very late assembly, was stumbled against by a tipsy man who was groping his way up the great stone staircase, and found to her utter horror, that the tipsy man—who apologised profusely for tearing half a dozen yards of mechlin from the hem of her skirt, declaring that he was "ver' sor' 'pon m' word; b't y' see m' dea' Maur, if y' will wear dress's long, muis' be s'prise get torr' t' pieces"—was her husband.

A MEMORY.

We walked on the terrace together,
With sighing of roses there came
Faint voices in mellowing moonlight,
Softly repeating her name.

It kindled the night air around her,
And silvered her brow with its light,
And tangled her hair with its jewels,
Till her beauty dazzled my sight.

We walked on the terrace together,
With sighing of roses there came—
And breath of the new Bride of Summer—
In whispers, so softly, her name.

By sweet summer's breath it was echoed,
Through myrtle and roses it came;
How well I remember that evening,
How well I remember that name.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—"WHAT! NO TITLE, AFTER ALL?" HE Muttered; "NO FORTUNE—NO FRIEND?"

SIR ARTHUR ARBUTHNOT, foaming with rage, left the house of Ella Raymond at a rapid pace, and hurried along the lane, switching his cane about angrily, to the infinite detriment of all the tender twigs and leaves on the hedges.

When he reached home he passed in, with the intention of going straight up to his own room, but voices in the drawing-room arrested him.

They were those of Lady Arbuthnot and Mr. F. A. Davit, the lawyer.

It was the mention of his own name, in a peculiar way, which had arrested Arthur's attention.

"Arthur is out," said Lady Anne, "so there is no fear of his being here to listen."

"Oh, oh!" thought Sir Arthur; "the wind lies in that direction, does it? Good! then it is time I did listen, mother mine."

Adjoining the drawing-room was an ante-room, with two doors, the one leading into the aforesaid chamber, the other into the passage.

So into this crept Sir Arthur, very gently, so as not to be overheard, and noiselessly opening the door, crouched down near it.

Thus he heard every word.

"You then, he will sign to-night?" said Mr. F. A. Davit.

"Yes," replied Lady Anne, "he has become tired of his short provisions, I think, although he is very much more lively than he has ever been before. I will go down to him in a few moments, and see what I can do with him. But first of all let us speak of that woman."

"Ah, my lady!" said the lawyer, as he rearranged his papers, and took a pinch of snuff, preparatory to listening and advising. "Ah! my dear lady, you are very clever, very discreet! Only think of your keeping the lunatic in that outhouse these sixteen years, and Arthur never once suspecting it was his own father!"

"This, then, is the secret," thought Arthur, as a shudder ran through his frame: "my father is still alive—alive in a living tomb!"

Lady Anne spoke again, taking no notice of the lawyer's compliment.

"I have heard, upon good authority, that Sir Robert's real wife is in England at the present moment, having with her her child."

The lawyer whistled.

"Of course."

"What!" muttered Arthur, "no title—no fortune—no friends?"

And he hated the mother who was fighting for him.

Mr. F. A. Davit spoke.

"Have you any reason for supposing that Lady Arbuthnot knows or has any inkling whatever of your secret?"

"No; on the contrary, she has no conception of my existence, or of the fact that Robert Arbuthnot has come into a title. She has heard that there is property left in the family, but she is not aware how, or where, to come at it, or at her husband's place of residence."

"Then what do you fear?"

"I fear this: she may, in some way or another, discover the title which fell to her husband, and may then hear of us. If this does not arouse her suspicions, the fact of the secret of my house may do so notwithstanding."

"True. And you wish, therefore, after having obtained his signature, to spirit him away?"

"Yes; and keep up the secret of the outhouse, visiting it daily, as before; so that if any inquiry is made, a search shall be instituted, and nothing found."

She rose as she spoke.

"I shall not be long, Mr. F. A. Davit," she added. "Please wait for me here."

With these words she left the room.

Sir Arthur then took a prudent resolution. To follow his mother would be useless; for he could not, without betraying himself, enter the outhouse with her.

He therefore resolved to remain where he was until her return, and learn from her own lips her success or failure.

Meanwhile, Lady Arbuthnot proceeded quietly towards the back portion of the premises, and made her way to the outhouse without being observed by any of the servants.

In her hand she bore the dark lantern which she always carried on such occasions, and by the aid of its light she had soon discovered the keyhole, and effected an entrance.

When she stood within the outer door, and was closing it, as usual behind her, a singularity was discernible.

This was the entire absence of sound within the prisoner's room.

There was usually a scratching sound, as if he were pasting his pictures on the walls; or a rustling of paper, as he cut them out; or a pacing to and fro; or the rattling of fire irons; or, more usually, the dull, monotonous frame of some childish song.

Now, as I have said, there was not the slightest indication of life within.

With trembling hands she unlocked the door, and looked in.

There was no light in the room.

No living being was there.

Sir Robert Arbuthnot had escaped!

She lit the lamp and sat down despairingly.

Sixteen years of cruelty was rendered as nothing. One glimpse of reason had cast away the fruits of long and painful martyrdom.

It was easy to see where Robert had escaped, for on the table a chair had been placed, and, by standing on this, he had succeeded, by some means, in reaching the place where the skylight had been. The question was, how he had succeeded in removing the slating, and then forcing his way up upon the roof.

Tired with speculating upon the probable manner of his flight, its object, and its result; sick at heart, and terror-stricken, too, by the contemplation of the future, Lady Arbuthnot at length rose, and returned to the drawing-room, where Mr. F. A. Davit, in his easy chair, had nodded off to sleep, and Sir Arthur, in his concealment, was chafing with impatience.

"Mr. F. A. Davit!" cried Lady Anne, abruptly, irritated that he should sleep while her mind was in such a state of turmoil.

The lawyer started and rubbed his eyes.

"Eh, eh, my lady!" he said, fidgeting about with his spectacles; "have you the signature?"

"I have not! He has escaped!"

It required no more than this thoroughly to wake up the before-somnolent attorney.

"Escaped, Lady Arbuthnot!" he cried, "surely you are jesting with me?"

"I am not! I solemnly declare that he has escaped, and that recently!"

The lawyer started up.

"Something must be done!" he said. "Let us send out the servants, and say that a lunatic has escaped! He will soon be discovered."

Lady Anne sat down weary, an expression of disgust mingling with her disappointment.

"You are the lunatic now, I fancy, Mr. F. A. Davit!" she said. "Do you imagine I shall tell my servants that a lunatic has escaped from my house? Do you think that, after keeping this secret for sixteen years, I would betray it in a moment of fear? No, Mr. F. A. Davit; lawyer, and clever lawyer as you may be, here you are wrong!"

Mr. F. A. Davit quietly sat down again.

"Then what do you propose?" he said.

"Wait a moment, and I will tell you!" she said, and sat down by the fire to think.

Only a few minutes' thought had she; then she turned to her companion with a look of intense satisfaction.

"I have it!" she said, "I have it! Sir Robert Arbuthnot is supposed to have died in Florence—let it still be supposed so! If any one calling himself Sir Robert Arbuthnot makes his appearance now to claim anything, we will dispute his identity!"

"Good! That is certainly a good plan! I presume confinement and lapse of time have much altered him?"

"So much so, that had I not been near him constantly, I should have denied his identity myself!"

"For the present, then, you will take no active steps in the matter?"

"None whatever! I will watch, and wait!"

"Thank heaven, then, my father will escape!" murmured Sir Arthur, as he crept away from his concealment.

For a moment a feeling of filial love came into his heart, driving away all his selfish thoughts—banishing awhile the remembrance that the escape of his father meant his own loss of title, of money and position.

Just for the time, the young libertine halted on the threshold of crime, and turned his face towards the memories of the past.

CHAPTER XII.—CLARA.

BEFORE narrating the exact method of escape adopted by Sir Robert Arbuthnot, after the accidental using of his wife's name had restored him to reason, I must bring before my readers a character who materially aided in the development of the life drama we are describing.

Clara Arbuthnot was the youngest sister of Sir Arthur.

I have before spoken of Lady Anne and her tall daughters; but Clara was not one of these.

She was scarcely ever included in the description of the family, for she was so quiet, so gentle, so inoffensive, so utterly without the pale of the turmoil of match-making and petty jealousies, that people came to regard her as an outsider, and never thought either of scandalizing her or the reverse.

She was a very different person to either of her sisters.

Rebecca was tall and dark; Barbara was tall and fair; Clara was a medium between the two in color, though not in height.

Her figure was *petite*, beautifully rounded, with an exquisitely moulded bust and tapering waist, limbs which a Venus might have envied, and delicate hands and feet.

A world of love and tenderness lay in the depths of her glorious blue eyes, and her voice, sweet and low, seemed fitted only to speak words of gentle affection.

Such she was made by nature. Let us now see into what circumstances converted her.

On the evening on which Sir Robert Arbuthnot escaped from his solitary confinement, Clara, finding that her two sisters had retired to their room, that Sir Arthur was out, and that her mother was closeted with her lawyer, concluded, naturally, that she was free from observation.

Upon this idea she proceeded at once to act.

She was dressed, as she usually was in the summer, in a light muslin dress, low in the neck, and displaying the rise of her magnificent bosom.

In spite, however, of the weather, which was somewhat inclement, an east wind blowing sharply, she did not stay to change her dress, but casting a heavy shawl over her shoulders, and putting on her head, over her glossy auburn curls, a pretty hat, she glided down the stairs, and passed out into the road.

The night was dark and heavy, as I have said, and the trees swayed to and fro with a sighing, moaning sound, and the country was bleak and dismal around, and the stars were hidden behind a dense canopy of clouds.

But the beautiful girl was undismayed by the aspect of nature.

Her errand was one in which she saw no harm, and she had no reason, therefore, to regard anything as warning or dismal.

She hurried along eagerly on her secret errand, until, passing beyond the last house on the heath, she approached the corner of the winding lane which joined the high road to London.

Here, just at the turning of the little road, stood a cottage, or rather cabin, built of brick, and thatched, truly, but so unevenly built that it would have been regarded by any chance traveler as a mud-hut.

There was a light in the window of the cottage, and Clara Arbuthnot, entering the small garden, knocked unhesitatingly at the door.

An old woman answered the summons—a queer old woman, about fifty years of age, with one of those young and pleasant faces which seem so out of place when connected with grey hair and a decrepid form.

She welcomed Clara with a smile.

"Is he come?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"No, my dear Miss Arbuthnot, he is not, answered the woman; "but I have no doubt he will be here directly. Come in!"

Clara went in as asked, and the door was closed upon a pleasant little room, furnished in true cottagers' style.

"I have other visitors here," whispered the old woman—Mother Jameson, as she was called in the neighborhood—"they are here by accident almost. You need take no notice of them."

She pointed towards the inner door as she spoke—a door through which the murmur of voices was plainly distinguishable.

The girl flushed.

"I am sorry there is any one here," she said. "They may see and recognise me."

"You need not fear that," returned the old woman, in a low voice. "They are not persons whom you know at all, my dear; and, besides, one of them is ill in bed, and the other is watching by her side."

Mrs. Jameson, as if perfectly satisfied with her explanation, then sat down by the fire, and continued her knitting, which she had interrupted to admit Clara.

Clara, however, was uneasy, and fidgeted upon her chair, and when at length a voice called Mrs. Jameson from within, she arose and peeped in.

The door was left half open, and Clara could see all within.

On the bed lay a woman in the middle age of life, whose pale and somewhat emaciated features still bore the impress of beauty.

Near her sat an old man, bent and decrepid with age, whose long white hair hung meekly and thinly over his shoulders.

Though his body was thus bowed and borne

down by time, however, his eyes burned with an eager, impulsive fire, as if reason had long lain dormant, and had now burst forth with renewed vigor.

The woman was different.

Her eyes seemed dimmed by constant tears—her face and form wasted by long and impatient watchings—her mouth hardened with firm lines, because no smile had wreathed itself for years over her lips.

These two persons were Sir Robert Arbuthnot and his wife, Helen.

Clara little knew who sat there before her, or she would have rushed in, and clasped her father in her arms.

As it was, an instinct of curiosity, not unblended with interest and sympathy, induced her to regard the couple so earnestly, that Dame Jameson saw her as she came back, and closed the door behind her.

"Poor old people!" murmured Clara. "Who are they?"

Dame Jameson was busy at her stocking again; and did not raise her face as she answered:

"It is a man and wife, who have not met for nearly twenty years."

At this moment, a knock at the door interrupted her, and the entrance of a gentleman put an end to all further conversation on the subject.

The new-comer was a young man—perhaps five-and-twenty—with curling black hair, and a black moustache, and black eyes, and a dark skin, and a tall, strongly-built form—as great a contrast as could possibly be conceived to the *petite* elegance of Clara Arbuthnot's figure.

He was not a pleasant-looking fellow by any means; but then the God of Love is blind, and Clara saw not the man as he was, but as he seemed.

It was strange, indeed, to see how the sarcastic mouth could wreath itself into smiles, and the piercing eyes melt into tenderness, and the stormy face relax into softness, as he glanced down upon the fair young girl who loved him.

Clara nestled up, then, as he came in, as if he were love itself; and the strong man's face was flushed with a glow of pleasure as he stooped to kiss her.

To her heart it was the beginning of a long life of love and joy—these pleasant meetings of an evening with the man she idolized. To others, it seemed too truly the story of the hawk and the dove.

Sitting by the fire, and drawing her down by his side on a chair, he pressed her fondly to him.

"My dear one," he said, "I am come to tell you that I am about to quit England."

A deadly pallor overspread the young girl's face; her bosom heaved heavily, and a suffocating feeling oppressed her heart.

"About to quit England?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear one: but I need not go alone."

She knew well what he meant by this, but she did not answer.

He proceeded, drawing her still more closely to him, and looking fondly on her downcast face.

"You have promised me, my dearest, that when I came to claim you, you would be mine. I come to claim you—to-morrow you must fly with me."

"And must it be thus?" she murmured, sadly. "Is there no possible method of making my mother's heart turn towards you?"

The stranger's face flushed.

"About to quit England?" she exclaimed.

"No," he cried, "no! The name of Denzil Harcourt is hateful to her. You know well how she received the mention of my name before. It would be madness even to speak of me again. No my dear Clara," he added, "you must trust me wholly, or not at all."

"I do trust you, dear Denzil," she said, "but oh, I dread this flight! I fear so much that I shall be doing a great wrong."

He smiled satirically.

"A great wrong, Clara? The only great wrong you can commit in this matter is to deceive me. However, Clara, what I tell you is correct. I must leave England in one week; and, although I have set my heart on making you my wife, yet, if you refuse to accompany me, I must go alone. We can be married within an hour after you quit home."

"And when do you wish me to come?" asked Clara.

"To-morrow night."

"And will you ask my mother once more, and urge upon her compliance with our wishes?"

"I cannot and will not, dear Clara; it is simply useless. She would turn me with insult from the door. To-morrow, my own one, I will await you here, at nine o'clock in the evening."

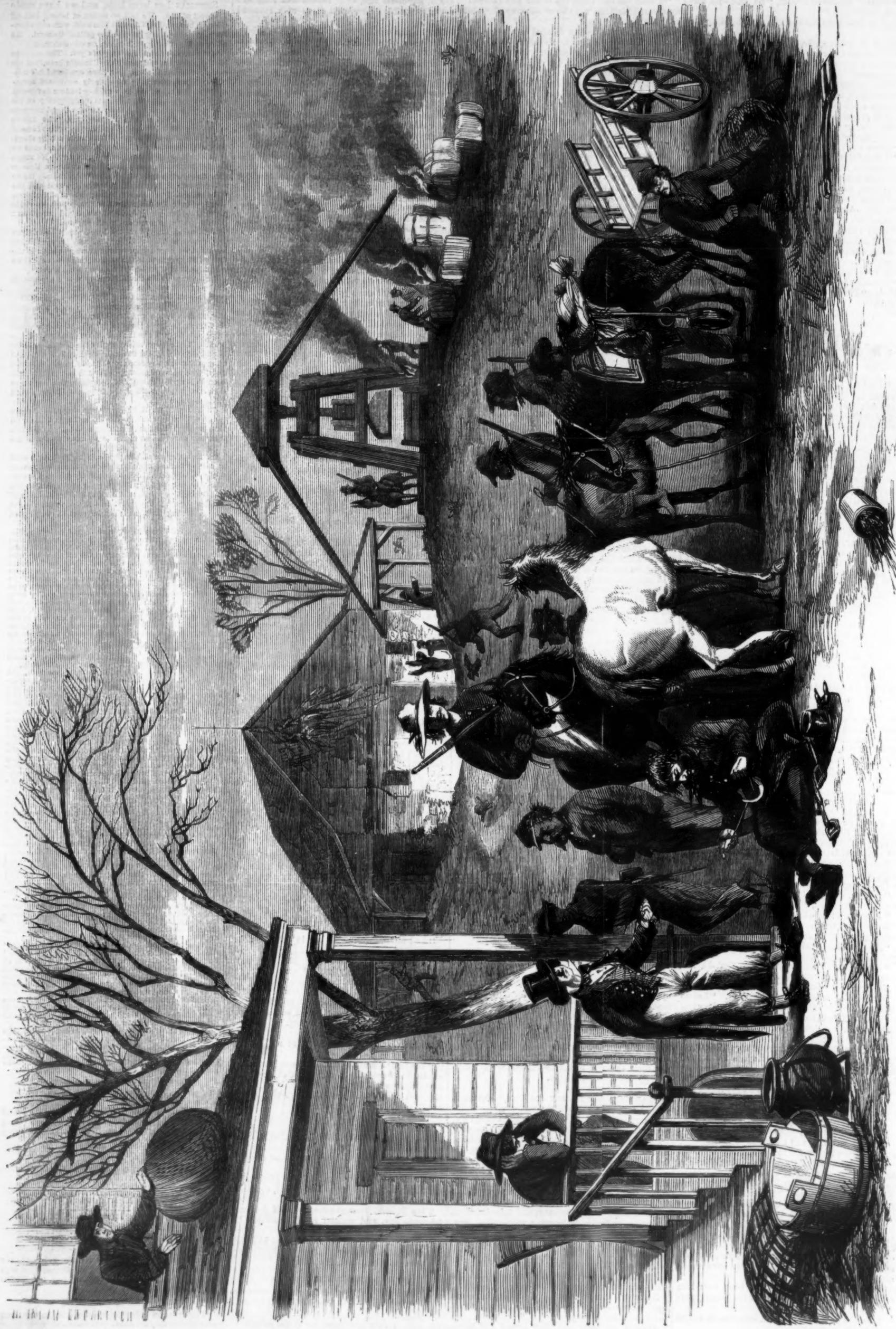
She glanced up hurriedly.

"Can we, then, be married at night?" she asked.

"Yes; but it matters not. If you think we shall not be discovered, I will meet you at nine in the morning after to-morrow, in the field just beyond the first stile. Will that suit you better, dear one?"

"Yes, Denzil."

"And will you come?"



SHERMAN'S BUMMERS FORAGING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, J. E. Taylor.



FUGITIVE SLAVES ESCAPING TO THE PROTECTION OF OUR ARMY AT WILMINGTON—SCENE ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH RECKER.

SLAVES ESCAPING TO WILMINGTON, N. C.

On this page we see, among the tropical scenery of North Carolina, a little family of escaping slaves making the best of their way down the tepid waters of Cape Fear River to Wilmington and liberty. behind are the rice fields near Fayetteville—from which

town our Artist went out to sketch—and on either side the low boggy shores of the Cape Fear. The mother nurses her small piccaninny, the father sturdily paddles along, their poor little canoe or "dug-out" is loaded to the water's edge with their crazy wardrobe and effects. To-day all is suspense, and they listen for the rifle or the bloodhound; to-morrow it is manhood and liberty; next year, perhaps, citizenship and the vote.

FEEDING THE NEEDY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

It will ever be a great satisfaction to the North that during the long and sanguinary struggle that we have just passed through, whatever may have been the isolated and exceptional excess of individuals, the conduct of the Government at Washington, and of all the military commanders has been dictated by a for-

bearance which has no parallel in the history of the world. Our Artists have, in their sketches, repeatedly illustrated the fatherly care which Uncle Sam has displayed towards his rebellious and profligate sons of the South. We give to-day an interesting sketch of a scene at the corner of Calhoun and Lucas streets, in Charleston, S. C., where the Federal authorities had established a depot for feeding the needy and destitute inhabitants of that haughty city.



THE NEEDY INHABITANTS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., BEARING AWAY THEIR RATIONS—SCENE AT THE CORNER OF CALHOUN AND LUCAS STREETS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

Our Artist says it is somewhat singular that there are so few of the colored people to be seen here; there are separate days for them, but still the majority are white.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the best in the world. Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt imitations, even to the advertisement. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

Shult's Instantaneous Hair Dye. The most efficient dye in use—a simple application producing any shade of color, from brown to beautiful black, dependent on the number of applications, producing a permanent and natural color, and a beautiful soft, silky and glossy appearance. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address

C. F. SHULTS,
503-7 P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, N. Y.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

THIRD SERIES.

\$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15th, 1865 and are payable three years from that date, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum, to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

| |
|----------------------------------|
| One cent per day on a \$50 note. |
| Two cents " " " \$100 " |
| Ten " " " " \$500 " |
| 50 " " " " \$1,000 " |
| \$1 " " " " \$5,000 " |

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent. instead of 7-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this Third Series affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specific payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalise prices, that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

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Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

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SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
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Wonderful! Wonderful!!

\$1 for 1 cent. I will send to any address, post-paid, the best preparations ever known for promoting the growth of Whiskers, curling the most stubborn hair in wavy ringlets. Cosmetic for the Complexion, removes Tan, Freckles and Pimples, without stain or injury to the skin. Also, 200 great receipts, from which \$5 to \$10 a day can be easily made, for \$1. Address G. H. RAYMOND, Troy, New York. 506-7

The Life of an Actress.
Illustrated with fine Photographs. Price 25 cents. Address orders to Box 5057, Post Office, N. Y. 507-10

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Books, Carte de Visites, Cosmetics, etc. Catalogues free. Please address BLACKIE & CO., 713 Broadway, New York.

JEFF DAVIS IN PETTICOATS.
A photograph of Jeff Davis, showing how he was captured in Petticoats. All should see it. Sample sent by mail, post-paid, for 25 cents, or \$1 per dozen. Address C. L. BRIGGS, 144 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill. 507-19

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR ALL!

Great Bona Fide Gift Distribution.

\$100,000 in Substantial Gifts, 100,000 Boxes

Steel Pens, 100,000 Free Gifts, \$100,000

Worth of Presents!!

Each purchaser, besides receiving full value for his money in Pens, is sure to receive a valuable gift worth from 50 cents to \$5,000. The People's Pen Company, in order to introduce their superior Steel Pens to the public in the shortest possible space of time, offer the following splendid inducements. We will sell at retail 100,000 boxes, each box containing one gross and a certificate entitling the holder to one share in the allotment of the following desirable and substantial gifts.

List of Gifts.

100 Acres of Land in Cattaraugus county, New York, in the vicinity of Petroleum Wells \$5,000.

100 Acres Pine and Hemlock Timber Land on Lehigh River, Pennsylvania \$8,000.

5 U. S. 7-10 Coupon Bonds, \$500 each 2,500.

10 " " " " 100 " 1,000.

10 " " " " 50 " 500.

50 Orders on a First class city house for a complete suit of fashionable clothing, 100 5,000.

50 Ladies' Rich Silk Dress Patterns, \$75 2,750.

5 Chickering's, or other good Maker, Round Corner Rosewood Piano—7 octaves—\$500 2,500.

50 Wheeler & Wilson Double Stitch Sewing Machines, \$50 2,500.

20 Gent's Fine Gold Hunting Case Watches, \$150 2,000.

20 Ladies' " " " " \$100 2,000.

50 Gents' " Silver " \$40 2,000.

100 Gent's " Gold Lockets, large \$10, 100 do, do, small, 27 1,700.

1,000 Sets " Jewellery, Breast Pins and Ear-rings, \$15 15,000.

1,000 Ladies' Fine Gold Finger Rings \$5 6,000.

1,000 Pairs Ladies' and Gent's Gold and Stone Sleeves Buttons 5,000.

1,000 Sets Lady's and Gent's Gold Studs, \$5 5,000.

1,000 Photographic Albums 2,500.

10,000 Tickets of Admission to Barnum's or Bryant's, 30 cents 3,000.

15,000 Packages Assorted Stationery, 50 cents 7,500.

5,000 Fine Briarwood Pipes (our own importation), 75 cents 2,500.

10,000 Sets Pearl and Ivory Sleeve Buttons, 50 cents 5,000.

50,000 Sheets Fashionable Music, 30 cents 15,000.

4,528 Photographic Portraits of President Lincoln and Tad \$2,64.

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Our Pens are splendid specimens of American industry, are finer goods than can be bought elsewhere for the same money, and will stand upon their merits. Price \$1.50 per gross, 144 pens, for either of the following kinds:

No. 1. The People's Pen Co. Business Pen.

No. 2. Gillott's, (303) Popular Pen, same as

No. 3. " " " " Lady's Extra Fine.

By mail, free, to any address, on receipt of price. The distribution will commence when 20,000 gross have been sold, which we confidently expect will be within 30 days. We can refer to parties of standing in this and other cities, as to honesty, responsibility, etc., etc. The allotment of gifts will be public, and all purchasers invited to be present. Address

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In Drawing of April 20, 1865,

| | | |
|----------------|-----------|-----------|
| No. 7905..... | drew..... | \$100,000 |
| No. 16649..... | " | 50,000 |
| No. 11814..... | " | 25,000 |
| No. 24418..... | " | 10,000 |
| No. 19381..... | " | 5,000 |

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

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16 Wall St., N. Y.

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes

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Set of Studs, Neck Chain, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased

Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Baskets and

FINE JEWELLERY of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at

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A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the
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WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR
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300 Musical Boxes..... \$20 to \$150
150 " " with Bells and Casta-
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260 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches..... EACH.
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Watches..... \$60 to \$150
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4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins.....
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys.....
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Studs, etc.....
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5,000 Chased Gold Rings.....
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings.....
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold
6,000 " Cameo, Pearl,
Opal and other stones.....
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders
and Pencils.....
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted
Holders.....
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension
Holders.....
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles.....
5,000 " Hair Bars and
Balls.....
3 " 8
2 " 5
10 " 20
2 " 8
4 " 10
5 " 15
2 " 10
5 " 15
4 " 15
6 " 10
15 " 25
5 " 15
5 " 10ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
NO. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for
One Dollar each.In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the
manufacturing districts of England, through the war
having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of
valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English
market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and
MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting
as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers,
have resolved upon a Great Gift Apportionment to be
distributed according to the following regulations:CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into
envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered,
are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by
mail, thus showing no favoritism.On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you
are to have, and then it is at your option to send the
dollar and then the article or not. Purchasers may
thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any
Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for for-
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business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the
Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for
\$1; eleven for \$2; thirty for \$5; sixty-five for 10; and a
hundred for \$15.AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in
every town and county in the country, and those acting
as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate
ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to
One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Cer-
tificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage
Stamps.ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is
offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings,
silverware, etc., by Messrs. ARRANDALE & CO., at No. 167
Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles,
varying in value, and all are offered for \$1 each. The
distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a
certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope,
and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are
satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth
more than that amount, and may be \$50 or \$100. An
excellent mode of investing a dollar.—*Sunday
Times, New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.*Messrs. ARRANDALE & CO. have long been personally
known to us, and we believe them to be every way
worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish Ameri-
can Journal, June 11, 1864.*We have inspected, at the office of ARRANDALE & CO.'s
Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large
assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the
newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of
silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these
newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel
principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and
affording extensive employment to agents. We know
the firm in question to be a very respectable and
recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New
York Tribune, Sept. 3, 1864.*By Messrs. ARRANDALE & CO.'s arrangement, the
advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he
has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to
lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar before-
hand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—
*New York Weekly News, Aug. 6, 1864.*EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and
profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is
the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution"
of ARRANDALE & CO. A lady of our acquaintance has been
very successful in this way, not only filling her own
purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom
she sold the certificates, as will be seen from our adver-
tising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—
*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.*In our columns the reader will find an advertisement
of ARRANDALE & CO.'s Gift Distribution of watches,
jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertise-
ment we received several sets of the jewellery advertised,
and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and
quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They
turned out to be just what they had been represented.—
*True Democrat (Leviston), Aug. 17, 1864.*The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26,
1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for
ARRANDALE & CO., and by request brought some 20
articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for
inspection, and without hesitation we can state that
each and all of the articles were worth treble the
amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them
six times.

Just Published.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY!

How to Win a Sweetheart or a Lover!

If any young Gentleman or Lady wishes to know how
to begin a Love Correspondence, or, if they wish to
speak their mind in a tardy, bashful or a careless way
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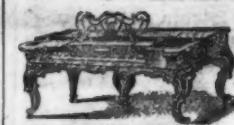
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